



DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON



THE LOST PRINCESS

DRAWN BY AMY SAWYER ENGRAVED BY T. F. CARRERAS

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman; containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman; of his connection with the PEIRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By **L. Cope Cornford.**

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being accepted as the lover of Barbara Phelps, daughter of a Salisbury merchant, earns the hatred of John Manning, who also loves her. As he goes homeward one day, a highwayman—Captain Jacobus—warns him that his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. Anthony Langford rides with him to a ruined chapel in the woods three miles from Wilton, and meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies and messengers for the Royalists. He and his companion sleep there that night. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, has been arrested for stealing the mails, and lies in prison in London. To rescue him is the object of the journey on which the two companions set out the next morning. In Winchester they come on Cromwell and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. Then at Farnham they come on two brothers, one having a business in London and the other in Winchester. Each of the two has received a letter bearing news of the illness of his brother and bidding him come to see him, Jacobus having arranged that each shop shall be robbed while the master is away. Jacobus and Langford capture one of the twain before they have had time to recognise one another, and leave him bound and gagged in a barn. Then they go back to the inn, and after a quarrel with the other brother, fall in with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake.

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CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD: THE GOLDEN FARMER.

IT was late the next morning ere we awoke, although we had laid our plans to start at sunrise and to escort the two ladies so far as Guildford. When we came downstairs the landlady (a changed and gracious being) informed

us that they were already gone near half-an-hour. Mr. Dickenson, she added, had departed overnight, "holding a bloody clout to's jaw."

"We will breakfast at Guildford, Anthony," said Jacobus.

I had to agree with a good grace, though I disliked exceedingly this custom the Captain had of always breaking his fast some ten miles further on: it was nothing but sheer, senseless, superfluous energy on his part: a mere lust for factitious virtue. We found the horse the Captain had won, in the stable next our own nag—or rather Mr. Jedediah's—a big-boned, grey gelding, a very serviceable beast. A lock of his mane was knotted with scarlet ribbon. I untied this ladies' favour, and a slip of paper fell out, upon which these words were written in a fair hand:

"Ladies-errant seek other-guess heroes
Than laggardly, slug-a-bed Cavalieros."

I tossed the script to the Captain.

"What! a love-letter so soon!" said he. "Very pretty," he added, reading it. "But wait till they're stopped by some scoundrel foot-pad out upon the shark, and they'll pipe to a different tune, I'll warrant; for they're outside my policies now."

I mounted the grey, and the Captain the goldsmith's bayard, and we rode slowly up the long slope to the ridge of the Hog's Back, along which the road runs straight as a pike the whole ten miles from Farnham to Guildford: bordered on either side by a wide strip of velvet turf and enclosed with tall, luxuriant hedges. The east wind had changed during the night, and an odorous western gale blew at our backs, driving great armadas of grey cloud overhead, whose shadows swept across the fair plains lying below: seen as we cantered along the wet grass through gaps in the flitting hedgerows: now and again a plump of rain would fall, like a shower of needles in the glints of sunshine. We had been riding thus for half-an-hour, perhaps, when we came in sight of a black dot where the lines of the road ran into the sky.

"There they are," said the Captain, and setting spurs to our horses, we presently made out that the group was standing still: and consisted of four persons upon horseback, two of whom were ladies, and the third their groom: but who was the fourth?

"The laggards will be in time yet," said Jacobus, urging his horse to its utmost speed. As we drew nearer, I observed that the stranger, whose back was towards us, appeared to be delivering a speech: I could see the sparkle where the sun struck the pistol in his right hand as he gesticulated. I suppose Mrs. Mariabellah and Mrs. Beatrice found his eloquence something tedious, for, seeing our approach, they uttered a cry of delight and waved their kerchiefs; but the speaker merely glanced over his shoulder and went on with his oration.

"'Tis the Golden Farmer, as God's-my-life!" cried the Captain, pulling his horse into a walk. "We must hear him out, Anthony, for unless you shoot him dead, there's no stopping him. The man talks like a mill-race, or a whole college of doctors. He would perish else. He only robs because it gives him such singular good opportunities of compelling an audience."

The orator was a burly, great-headed, grey-haired man with thick lips: half his face was hidden by a black mask, behind which his yellow eyes rolled as he harangued: the ladies and the lacquey, under the awe of his pistol, were ranged in front of him like children before a schoolmaster.

"Hark you, are ye not mad toads, to use such arguments to me? I know your sex too well, madam, to suffer myself to be prevailed upon by any painted Mrs. Bitchington among ye," shouted the Golden Farmer, in what appeared to be a peroration. "What talk of the King to me! Give me leave to tell ye, madonnas, that I am king here, and that I have a household to support at the public charges as well as his Majesty. I collect my dues from all that pass, and why should you, who would fling away all your rhino upon mirrors, apricoke paste, French essences, and such like vain trifles, rob an honest freebooter upon his lawful occasions? No, no, you jades, this haughty spirit, this hyperbolical cant, this sham poverty, will not serve you here. A plague on you! Untie your purse-strings quickly, or else I shall send you from the land of the living. Do you think I have no other-guess customers, that you keep me waiting upon you all the morning?" concluded this outrageous ruffian, levelling his pistol.

The ladies cried out. My gorge rose



at the man's vile insolence: and I closed in upon him on the one flank, pistol in hand, and caught his wrist, as the Captain did the same on the other.

"I have never heard you speak better," said Jacobus. "But upon this occasion there will be no contributions."

"Curse you," shouted the Golden Farmer, struggling. "What do you here?"

"Bing avast, my bene-cove, bing avast," returned the Captain, using the thieves lingo. "I bit the blow in the darkmans, and the doxies are my booty." *

"Tip me my snack, or I'll whiddle," † cried the other.

"Not a doit. Give me your word to picque peaceably, or, by God, you go below for orders," and the Captain put his pistol to the Golden Farmer's head.

* "Be off, my friend, be off. I robbed the girls last night, and the booty is mine."

† "Give me my share or I will inform upon you."

"JACOBUS STOOD WITH LEVELLED PISTOL."

"I'll picque, 'tis all boman," * said the freebooter, sullenly: whereupon we released him; and without another word, striking spurs into his horse, he wheeled and rode away.

* "I'll go, 'tis all square."

"There goes a very dangerous companion," remarked Jacobus. "And y'are the first congregation that ever listened to his silver discourses without paying for the treat in gold."

He put his horse in motion, and we began to ride forward, four abreast, the white-faced little lacquey falling behind.

"We are infinitely beholden to you, gentlemen," cried Mrs. Mariabellah, who appeared somewhat changed and pale in the morning light, methought: while Mrs. Beatrice, though rosy as ever, wore a scared look about her dark eyes.

"We have a thousand apologies to make, on our part, for our laggard appearance," I said.

"Had I conceived of such a possibility," said the Captain, "I would never have gone to bed."

"And should never have got up," said Mrs. Beatrice.

"Pardon me," returned Jacobus, "your fair cousin would have compelled you, for I know she had sworn to prove the force of her bright eyes upon an armed desperado."

"Y'are impertinent, sir," said Mistress Curle, reddening.

"Is't not the truth, then, madam? I am no courtier, I cannot embroider my sayings, I speak but for your welfare. Did you not say to yourself, or even, perhaps, to prudent Mrs. Beatrice here: 'Now let us adventure, and see if one of these self-same robbers of the road will out-face a pretty damsel!' and therewithal you slip off like a couple of convent school-girls, whilst two poor gentlemen are trying to get a little piece of rest from the arduous fatigues incident to his Majesty's service. 'Twas scarce kind, I think. Moreover, you run the risks of dangers you know nothing of. No, no, madam, you cannot play Una without the Lion, in these tristful days," concluded the Captain, with an obvious relish.

I cursed Jacobus in my heart, for Mrs. Beatrice shot an appealing glance at me, and I could see that both girls were over-wrought and trembling from stress of the danger they had just escaped. They spurred a little in advance of us; and thus the Captain, plucking at his moustache according to his habit when disturbed in mind, fell into step side by side with me.

"*Fay ce que voudras* is a privilege at all times to be reserved for ladies,

Captain," I remarked sufficiently loud for them to hear.

He looked at me doubtfully, then his face cleared. Jacobus was one of those natural philosophers whose ignorance of women embodies itself in a single simple theorem: and hence, in his relations with ladies, he frequently walked upon the brink of catastrophes wherefrom not even his excellent intentions could always save him.

"Why, 'tis very well said, Anthony," he returned, cheerily. "And if a man be permitted to stave off evil consequence, 'tis all he can expect; he may sing *Nunc dimittis* upon it, and go his way."

We rode along in silence: and gazing at the two graceful figures in front, moving to beat of hoofs through the blowing, changeful, shining landscape, I marvelled to find myself as cold as though I were before a picture. A year ago or thereabouts I would have played the lover, or at least dallied somewhat with the part: now my mind reached back with a strong recoil to a blue-eyed damsel, sitting lonely in a gray city leagues behind us: and I found that I cared not the toss of a coin whether or no I was ever to see those two pretty ladies again. When they were come to the top of the long hill that descends upon the tail of Guildford town they turned to await us, the wind fluttering their gay riding-dresses, and playing daintily with straying locks. The cloud was quite dispelled from a pair of flushed and kindly faces.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "'tis very sad, but I think it will be proper for us to part here, though not, let us ever hope, for always. How can we thank you for your valour?"

While she was speaking, the Captain had taken a couple of Jacobuses from his pocket; holding them on his saddle-bow he graved something upon each with the point of his dagger. He had been making of a little speech, and arranging a situation as we came along, I could see; and now his time had come.

"Alas," said he, "'tis ever the way of this floating world that we cannot be where we would: sometimes we are fast a-bed when we should be in the saddle: and again, the King his service haleth us willy-nilly from delight. But since so it must be, set the crown upon your favourable kindness, I beseech you, ladies, and

accept a token that should safe-guard you upon all the West Country roads, until the King comes home:" and with his best air, dismounting, he gave a broad piece to each lady, kissing, as he did so, the hand she stretched forth to receive it.

"And when that day comes, as it will swiftly, I vow there will be no more gallant gentleman, no, not even the King his Majesty, restored to place and honour, than Captain Jacobus," cried Mrs. Mariabellah.

I was standing at Mrs. Beatrice's knee: and thinking, I suppose, that I might feel a little cast into the shadow by the Captain's glittering performances, she glanced at me with a sudden, kindly look. I thought it mighty pretty of the maiden, and I took her hand and saluted her.

"Madam," I said, "I pray you remember always I am your faithful and willing friend to serve you."

"And you, Mr. Langford," said she, "y'have gained two friends. Forget it not."

I made my adieux to Mrs. Mariabellah, who spoke with equal courtesy: but I could see her mind was possessed by Jacobus. Then the two ladies turned and rode away down the hill, followed by the little groom, to whom the Captain tossed a crown. We stood watching the lessening figures until they came to a turn in the road, when they looked back, and flashed a kerchief in the sunshine.

"Youthful and fair and ignorant and good—upon what a singular world those perilous eyes look out!" quoth the Captain, as we remounted. "I marvel what it must be like, Anthony. Well, your fair lady is a pretty toy, indeed. I bless God for her. But she is a sad hindrance to business; and I shall eat the bigger breakfast that we are no longer cumbered."

I knew better than to say what I thought: and we pursued our way in silence into the old, steep town of Guildford, where we put up at the White Hart. When we were fairly on the road again, I reflected that there were thirty profitable miles of road to London: and plainly foresaw further difficulties with my pragmatism's conscience. But although now and again big, ruddy, well-liking farmers would be jogging to meet us, or a coach with outriders would lumber by,

Jacobus rode all day as peaceably as he had been a simple citizen. The dusk was gathering, and the broad river glassed a red sunset, as we passed the Lord Protector's palace of Hampton Court: and the dark had fallen by the time we were climbing the hill to Putney Heath. The wind, which had been waxing steadily all day, roared in the thickets through which the road ascended: and the battered crescent of the moon in wane shone in flying gleams between serried and swiftly marching regiments of cloud. In one of these flashes I saw a horseman spurring past us, wrapt in a great furred cloak. A moment afterwards I heard the Captain's voice above the wind and the thrashing of the branches, shouting in my ear.

"I think your nag hath cast a shoe. See to't before we go farther."

I dismounted instantly, and felt the beast's feet, to find him securely shod. As I raised myself to climb into the saddle again, there came another gleam of moonlight, and I glanced about for the Captain. A bow's shoot further along the road I saw two black figures motionless amid the tossing silver landscape: Jacobus stood with levelled pistol, while the rider in the furred cloak seemed to be groping in his saddle-bags: and beyond, a man hanged high upon a gibbet, swang limply to and fro, chin to breast and toes to earth. Down the wind came an odious, heart-heaving waft, and a clinking of chains. The night shut close again like a curtain: after discreetly waiting a few moments, I rode slowly forwards; and presently discovered the Captain at my side. We exchanged no word until we had passed beneath the dead man, when the Captain cried a salutation to him.

"He was a generous cully while he lived," said Jacobus. "And now, 'twixt hawk and buzzard, he is food for the hooded-crows."

"May I never come to say the same at your gallows'-foot, Captain," said I.

"Amen!" rejoined Jacobus, piously.

Soon after, turning to the right, we rode through Wandsworth—Westwards to Lambeth, where the murdered Archbishop's Palace loomed across the marsh-flats, thence to London Bridge; and so, for the first time in my life I set foot in London Town. I do not know to what I had looked forward: but the narrow, dim-lighted streets and the close air

struck me with a sense of outrage and indecency. After winding through a maze of mean and noisome lanes and alleys, we came out upon a long

thoroughfare, which, so the Captain informed me, was Fleet Street, where was the Globe Tavern, and there we drew rein for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BELL-MAN OF SAINT SEPULCHRE'S.

So soon as we had supped, the unwearying Jacobus announced that he must pay a visit to a certain lady of his acquaintance, and would have me to ac-

"And why not? We will attempt the vestibule, at any rate. I desire you to take particular heed of the conversation: there cannot be too many checks on the



"GIVE YOU GOOD-DEN, MRS. MARY"

company him. Accordingly we repaired to a house but two doors off, which was lighted up as if for a festival. Bedizened trulls with inlaid faces were looking forth from more than one of the windows.

"Captain," I said, "this is no place for me."

"Set your sick conscience to sleep, boy," he returned. "We are upon King's business, o' my word."

"You would down into the Pit with that word upon your lips," said I.

bridle of this sort of cattle," said Jacobus entering the house.

There was no need to knock, for lounging in the doerway was a slatternly down-at-heel wench, pranked out in faded finery, and with a very impudent eye, who greeted Jacobus in terms of scandalous familiarity.

"You will find Mrs. Moll at her accompts," she added, and the Captain, who seemed to know the place, walked upstairs to the first-floor, where

there were doors in front and upon the left hand. A great noise of talk, laughter, and the clink of glasses came from behind the door in front; but it was upon the other that Jacobus knocked twice in a particular manner. A voice cried out to us to enter, and upon opening the door we found ourselves in a panelled room of moderate size and good proportion. Lights burned upon the high wooden mantel, and a sole candle stood upon the polished table at the side of the fire, illuminating the face of one who sat smoking a long clay pipe, behind a great brass-bound ledger which lay open next a bottle and a half empty glass. At first I could not determine whether the singular monster who rose as we entered were male or female, Michael or Diabolus: for the sleek countenance was that of a sly, good-humoured, evil woman; while the doublet and slashed gaskins might have served the turn of a needy sloven or a gentleman: but the Captain's greeting informed me.

"Give you good-den, Mrs. Mary. This gentleman, my friend, and I would be glad of a piece of a talk with you upon certain affairs."

"With all my heart, Captain," responded Moll Cutpurse, in a voice harsh yet insinuating, which put me in mind of a snail crawling upon a window-pane. "Y'are ever welcome to my poor house. Methought you would to Rumvile*, so soon as I heard that poor Mr. Armorer would be shoving the tumbles from the Checquers† to Tyburn."

"Is the date appointed?" asked Jacobus.

"The day after to-morrow, I have sure news. Such a mighty pretty, civil young gentleman, too, and such a way with the wenches as he hath. Well, well! Holborn Hill is the road to glory for such as we, Captain, be it soon or be it late. But sit ye down, gentlemen, draw to the fire, and what will ye drink, now?"

"A cup of Rosa Solis for me," answered the Captain.

I had no mind to drink in neighbourly fashion in such a house, but a glance from Jacobus told me it were best for us; and, as civilly as I could, I said I would have the same. Mrs. Cutpurse rose, and crossing the room with her man's stride,

she flung aside a heavy curtain which hung on the wall to the right of the door by which we had entered, disclosing a leaded casement brightly painted with a curious, lewd design, which gave upon the room beyond. As the woman opened the window a broken torrent of talk and shrill laughter flowed upon our ears, mingled with the crazy notes of a song. Mrs. Cutpurse leaned over the sill and called for the liquor, and, moving a pace, I looked over her shoulder, seized with an eager curiosity. Gallants, flushed and disordered, sat about the lighted tables, drinking; every man with a pretty gay girl beside him or upon his knee. One uplifted gentleman with a foot upon the table and a wine-glass held askew in his shaking hand so that the liquor spilled, was chanting a song of the Rump with a very scandalous bob to it. I marked with surprise that while some of Moll's lady-birds looked merely brutish, others were pleasing, simple, and kindly.

"Will you not join my merry company assembled, my pretty gentleman, while I discuss with the sober Captain?" asked Mrs. Moll, turning to me with a leer: and ran on in her horrible voice, that rasped upon me like a finger-nail on silk, in force to cajole me. But I answered very shortly, turning my back broad upon her: and the liquor being brought, she hasped the window, drew the curtain, and without any more words sat down again at the table, facing the Captain; while I drew a chair to the fire on the opposite side of the hearth.

"At your service, Captain," said Mrs. Cutpurse, cheerily, with unruffled composure. "You want a gob of money, as usual, I take it. Well, now, and what is the sum?"

"Mrs. Cutpurse, I should explain to you Mr. Langford, keeps her monies at the charges of the Commonwealth," said the Captain. "'Tis the only privilege, perhaps, she shares with Oliver, as the similarity of their hand of write is the single point of likeness between them. But the last, it is true, Mrs. Cutpurse shares with everyone who have skill to write at all."

Indeed, this female iniquity was so accomplished a forgeress that upon several occasions the Commonwealth Treasury honoured her drafts for large sums, supposing them to be genuine:

* London. † Whipt at the cart's tail from Newgate.

until at length Cromwell was forced to invent a private mark.

Captain Jacobus then proceeded to unfold his proposal: which was, that Mrs. Cutpurse should repair on the morrow to Wallingford House with a forged warrant for a thousand pounds; and that during the night following, the Captain should bring to her ample security for that amount—in what form did not transpire—and exchange it for the money. Mrs. Cutpurse put questions and made conditions with the acerb shrewdness of a scrivener; and that business was speedily despatched. The Captain then went on to disclose the details of a scheme to be carried through during the next four-and-twenty hours, in which Mrs. Cutpurse was to bear a main part. Meanwhile, I sat back in the shadow, taking careful heed of their talk. The devil's-din in the next chamber went on, with now and again a ring of broken glass, a cascade of tipsy laughter, or a swinging song with a roaring chorus. I found time between-whiles to marvel at the romantical volutions of circumstance: at this hour I should have been riding homewards across Salisbury Downs, my head full of sunbright, happy memories: and the field of dark and rolling hills, domed with the sparkling sky, rose before me. I recalled the thymy scent of the night-wind breathing in my face; and looking round the close chamber, which seemed to copy the vicious aspect of its owner, a sense of intolerable sickness took me, and I got suddenly to my feet.

At the same moment the Captain came to an end and rose also. We made our way out of the house by a narrow back stairway which led us into an alley as dark as pitch. I could discern nothing but a confusion of roofs against a jagged piece of sky, where the stars were winking. But the Captain went confidently forward, and two or three sharp turns brought us into Fleet Street, which was dimly lighted at long intervals by oil-lamps slung on chains betwixt the houses. The place was deserted save for a few prowling shadows, and in the distance, the glimmering lanterns of the watch. The clock of Saint Dunstan's was clanging twelve as we reached the door of our tavern; and upon the last reverberation followed the far-away scream of a woman, a confused shouting, and the clash of steel.

"Alsations serenading," quoth Jacobus, "down in Whitefriars yonder. You would not hold our friend Mrs. Cutpurse in all points as the fruit of the Holy Seed, perhaps: but were I to take you to houses I wot of in Alsatia, you would think her bagnio a conventicle, by comparison. But come in to bed, my young friend. I shall to sleep like a dog, till nature wakes me: and I would counsel you to the same, for it's little enough sleep you'll get presently."

But I lay long awake that night, for I was over-weary. The liquor I had drunk had set my brain clear as a lighted room, wherein I acted over and over again the scenes of the past three days: and when at last I fell on sleep a little before dawn, the scream of the woman rang in my dreams, and I seemed to see her fleeing through narrow mazes, pursued by ruffians: and try as I might, I could never come up to her, nor see her face.

It was high noon before we rose next day; and after a great and choice meal we set forth into the streets. Here I speedily grew discomfortably angry with the jostling tide of wayfarers, who made nothing of elbowing a man into the kennel without so much as a word: while the horrible clamour of the flat-capped 'prentices crying their masters' wares upon the pavement filled my ears: and the warm fetid smell of the place, like that of a swamp, nauseated me to the gizzard. We passed down Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to Paul's. At the corner of the Churchyard the Captain showed me, as he had done at Winchester by Brother Jedediah, the low-browed house and close-shuttered shop of Brother Emanuel, and his gilded sign decently draped in black sarcenet. Walking in Paul's for awhile, we found it crowded with bargaining merchants, bustling cits, gallants and their lasses, more like a cried fair than a temple of God. Thence we took our way down Blow-Bladder Street to Newgate Prison, a part of which, as it served for the City gate-house, stood on either side of the road. The buildings were tall and narrow, with a great door in the centre, and a single tier of plain barred windows rising on each side. A little beyond is Giltspur Street, which, branching into two on either side of a pile of buildings at its junction with Newgate Street, turns off towards Smithfield.

The church of St. Sepulchre stands at the further corner. These particulars, together with the relative positions of the adjacent streets and side alleys, I must learn by heart, in view of the night's work: and to this end we paced about and about, backwards and forwards, until I had the tract of huddled houses bounded by the Fleet Prison and Paul's on the west and east respectively, Fleet Street on the south, and Smithfield on the north, clear as a map in my head. By that time it had fallen dusk, and we returned to the Globe Tavern to dine. As we sat at meat Captain Jacobus impressed upon me the order for the night's enterprise with great particularity. The first thing to do was to get speech of the condemned highwayman, Mr. Nicholas Armorer, who (it will be remembered) had been taken by Cromwell's patrol immediately after having slain Mr. Secretary Thurloe's express from the Low Countries. Now the success of the Penruddock plot depended upon the Government's ignorance thereof: if Armorer had destroyed the mails before he was overpowered, all was so far well: but if, on the other hand, they had fallen into the hands of his captors, the whole plan of operations must be altered. The prisoner, and the prisoner alone, could give us this most necessary news: and if the Captain succeeded in winning to him, Jacobus would at the same time convey a parcel of weapons with which he might make good his escape. To this end Jacobus intended to personate the Bell-Man of St. Sepulchre's, who administered the consolations of religion to all condemned criminals the night before their execution.

For a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Elliott, whose son, having been condemned to death and at the last moment reprieved by the King's clemency, dying some few

years since, had in gratitude bequeathed a sum of money to the Parish of St. Sepulchre's, to the intent that they should find a man for ever, who, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve the night before the prisoner's execution, should



"A HUGE, GROSS MAN, WITH A TANGLE OF RED HAIR"

go under Newgate, giving warning of his presence by the solemn ringing of a hand-bell. He was then to put them in mind of their imminent end by the reading of certain prayers and pious exhortations. Now Mrs. Moll Cutpurse had undertaken to entice the Bell-Man into her house that evening: the Captain would take from him his book of devotions, and habit himself in the great blue cloak with silver buttons in which the Bell-Man officiated. My part in the plot was, briefly, to withdraw the crowd from about the Captain in order to secure him a few moments of solitude wherein to accomplish his design. I must then return to the house of M's

Cutpurse and there to await Jacobus, who, it seemed, had another business in hand. When I learned the details I owned to myself the design wore a singularly desperate aspect: but there was no question of thievery this time; and I promised myself, at the least, some pleasurable excitement. Nor was I in any sense disappointed in that expectation.

The dinner eaten, we primed our pistols afresh, and fully armed, masked, and cloaked, made a circuit and entered the bagnio by the privy door. We found the lady flauntingly apparelled in purple Lucca velvet, much bedecked and jewelled; and I disliked her more than ever. Drest as a man she appeared merely monstrous: but clothed as a woman she seemed to insult her sex. She led us straightway into a little apartment that opened off the room in which she had entertained us the night before: and there, all fallen together in a great chair by the fire, a huge, gross man with a tangle of red hair lay in a slumber so profound that, had he been dead, he could have been no more insensible of our approach. A black-jack stood on the floor at his side, empty; and a faint, pungent odour hung in the air.

"He drinks a mighty potation," remarked Mrs. Moll, "and after the way I mixed it, I'll warrant him to slumber through the trumpet-blast of the great Archangel."

The Captain doffed his hat, and picking up the Bell-Man's blue camlet cloak from behind the door, put it on and pulled the hood over his head. Searching in the lining, he presently drew forth a thin volume bound in brown leather and conned it swiftly through.

"There is a cursedly scant measure of the farrago," said he. "You must be mighty quick, Anthony, or I shall have to spin prayers out of my head like an Independent. This is a job would have better suited the Golden Farmer."

Upon leaving the house, we found awaiting us at the door the Bell-Man's open cart, to which a big black mule was harnessed. A 'prentice-lad stood at the brute's head, and a number of idlers had gathered round. I took the reins, the Captain tossed the boy a coin, and climbing into the cart, we set off towards Saint Sepulchre's upon Snow Hill. The mule went at a funeral pace: and finding that no persuasion prevailed upon it, I

desisted therefrom, supposing that the beast was trained to the proper custom. The crowd increased momentarily and began to surround us, until by the time we descried the swinging lanterns of the Watch at the corner by the church, the multitude must have numbered some two or three hundred. Many in the procession carried links: so that the red gleam flitted from casement to casement of the houses on either hand, lit strongly and struck into vividness faces here and there among the throng: while a world of shadows danced overhead, amid the smoke and glare. At Saint Sepulchre's, the Watch with shouldered bills, brown or bright, fell in among the crowd: and in this order we arrived at Newgate.

Stopping the cart in the middle of the road, I jumped down and began to work my way through the throng, which strove to press close. The glare of the torches flickered upon the grisly walls and tiers of black barred windows: looking back, I saw the Captain rise to his feet and open his book.

"Gentlemen, are you awake?" he cried in a great voice, scanning the grim fronts of the prison to left and right.

I had but time to catch an answering cry from within the condemned hold, when I was clear of the press, and running hot-foot back to Giltspur Street. Reaching the back of the square of houses on either side of which Giltspur Street branches into Newgate Street, I paused, and looked about: for it was in this place, well within hearing of Newgate, that I purposed to raise an hue-and-cry. The street was deadly quiet, so that my footsteps made an extraordinary commotion; and so far as I could discern by the faint starlight and the glimmer of a lamp at a little distance, not so much as a cat was stirring. Stepping out into the roadway, which here formed a small open space of triangular shape, I opened my mouth and shouted "Fire, ho! Fire!"

The word had an effect, immediate and unexpected. From the shadows a figure detached itself and came swiftly towards me. As it drew nearer, I made out the form of a man something smaller and slighter built than myself; the face under the broad hat was closely muffled.

"Where is the fire, sir?" enquired the stranger, eagerly, peering about at the dark and silent houses.

This was a difficulty I had not antici-



"CLIMBING INTO THE CART WE SET OFF TOWARDS ST. SEPULCHRE'S"

pated. "Why, here, sir," I answered, "Do you not see it? Help me to raise the alarm, then. There is no time to be lost;" and I was fetching my breath for another alarm when the stranger clapped a hand upon my mouth.

"Y'are mad, or jesting," he said, angrily. "There is no fire. And I want the street kept quiet."

"And I want it raised," I returned, pinioning him. "Leave me be, my little man, or I will break you in pieces."

My gallant struggled furiously, and dealing him a kick that sent him headlong, I began to halloo at the top of my pipe. In another moment casements were flung open, night-capped heads bobbed out, and voices from all quarters took up the cry. My gentleman picked himself from the kennel and ran upon me with naked blade.

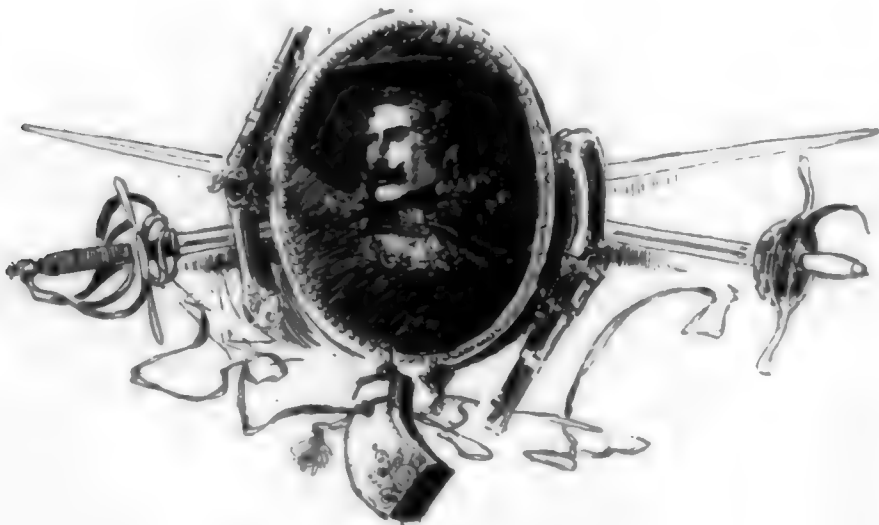
"Look, then!" I cried; and obeying my outstretched arm, he stopped and turned; then, with an inarticulate cry, dashed forward.

For at that very instant, to my extreme amazement, I spied a light tongue of flame amid a spiral of smoke upon the thatched roof of the house opposite to me: then another and another: and before I could move, the

place was burning like a torch. My task was accomplished, with a vengeance; the crowd came pouring through the narrow streets on either side the central block in the midst of which my house was blazing. I felt as if I had set light to it myself, and fought my way towards the flames with intent to do what I might to extinguish them. Half-way through the crowd I met my young gallant carrying a wench in his arms, the people making way for him.

"O you!" he cried, stopping. "I think you must be a witch or the Devil. I have been watching the place all night, and how could it have caught fire? Make way, sir. You shall not stop me!"

I never saw a boy so mad with excitement, and as I stepped aside to let him pass I noted that the girl was fully drest as if for riding. Then my imminent appointment with the Captain coming to mind I freed myself from the roaring mob and took my way back to Fleet Street. As I walked my head cooled, and it broke upon my understanding that had it not been for the singular chance of the conflagration (an accident, perhaps, of the young lady's vigil), I had come extraordinary near to upsetting a deeply-schemed plan of elopement.



Artists on Their Works.



IN this second article the characteristics of the letters included will be found to be little different from those in the instalment you have already read. It may be that more of the artists whose replies are quoted have found it possible to give a definite answer, but most of them complain once more that the question asked is exceeding difficult to answer, and many add (what you would yourself imagine) that the preference of the artist among his own works are based on no critical reason. A man likes one of his own pictures best simply because he does, and not necessarily because he would maintain that it is his best. Letters are reproduced in facsimile from M. Bougereau, Messrs. Philip Calderon, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., W. B. Richmond, R.A., B. W. Leader, A.R.A., and John Lavery.

Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., R.P.E., writes: "*The Canterbury Pilgrims* is, I think, my best original work. It is a large plate which is little known in this country, but which, oddly enough, has been very popular in the United States. I have little hesitation in selecting *The Wood Sawyers*, after J. F. Millet, as the best of my reproduction plates, not that the technique is better than that of others which I could name, but because the massive and telling composition of the original and its vitality of workmanship make it an exceptionally suitable subject for etching."

Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A., says of his sculptures: "In reply to your question, I feel very strongly with some of the authors to whom you lately addressed a similar inquiry, a great dislike to allude publicly in any way to my own productions, and that the less said by an author or an artist about his works the better. However, the example of

been so well set by several of your correspondents, I will allow myself to say that the works in portraiture by which I would most wish to be remembered are perhaps the London statue of Mr. Gladstone, and that of John Bright at Manchester; and amongst the busts those of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Salisbury. I will add, however, that I find that all real interest in my works ends when the great effort of endeavouring to overcome the difficulties which I always encounter has ceased."

Mr. A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A., writes: "It seems to me you have asked a question which most artists will find rather difficult to answer. Artists are different from authors, inasmuch as the majority of them produce a great many pictures in the course of a season: and, while they may have one favourite out of the number, when it comes to be a selection from several years' work the task is a very different one. I know some artists who invariably consider the last picture they have painted as their best. Probably the oil picture I like best of my own is one called *The Gareloch*. It was exhibited a few years ago in the Glasgow Fine Art Institute, and afterwards in the Glasgow Exhibition at Munich, where it was awarded a gold medal, and was purchased for the National Gallery of Bavaria. Of water-colours two pictures entitled *Arran and Bute*, and *Solway Sands* have given me most satisfaction. To this brief reply I may add that I hope to live to paint pictures that will please me much better than any I have yet done."

Mr. E. A. Normand writes: "I find it difficult to say which of my pictures I prefer, for, in passing them in review before my mind's eye, I am conscious of a distinct feeling of disappointment associated with each important effort I have hitherto made. The realisation of one's ideas on canvas falls so far short of what one hoped to produce (and I might add, of what one felt

able to produce) that one gets to regard all one's pictures as more or less failures. The only pieces of work that have ever satisfied me technically have been quite unimportant 'single figure' subjects, or heads in which one has been able to devote one's whole attention to the manipulation; but in a large composition

realise the motives of the subject, though the handling, owing to the peculiar condition of the light in which it had to be painted, leaves much to be desired from a conscientious artist's point of view."

His wife, better known as Miss Henrietta Rae, says: "I suppose I ought to reply that, among my own works, my

Oct 26. 1895.

ASHENHURST,

7, SYDENHAM RISE,

S.E.

Dear Sir

In reply to your enquiry as to which of my pictures I like the best I am afraid I must confess that I have no great affection for any of them. I see so many pictures by other painters which I greatly prefer to my own. I believe that if I have any chance with posterity it will rest on the subjects I have painted of modern life, notably *Ludgate Lane*.

one has to consider each individual figure in its relation to the picture as a whole, and one's brain has to grapple simultaneously with several intricate problems. Having recently had the opportunity of seeing seven or eight of my more important pictures side by side I have come to the conclusion that my *Death of Pharaoh's First Born* annoys me least when I look at it. It has a certain earnest solemnity about it that tells me I did not entirely fail to

favourite picture is the *Psyche Before the Throne of Venus*. It certainly has been my greatest popular and financial success; but I cannot help admitting that, in my opinion, the very characteristic which undoubtedly won for it the popularity it enjoys, viz., its general prettiness (detestable word) robs it of its right to rank as the great achievement which some of my too partial admirers would assign to it. The picture I feel least ashamed of is

the *Ophelia*, purchased by the Liverpool Corporation. It is, I think, more vigorous than anything I have hitherto produced, and it has qualities that, in a measure, satisfy me; though I feel bound to add that I find few people who agree with me in my preference."

Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., writes at

the weeping Queens; the vision of the Sangreal I added was my own idea and as an interpretation of the line, 'Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.' I considered his real wound was the betrayal of his honour by his wife and dearest friend, and the only healing in such a case must be a spiritual

"The Derby Day" Railway
Station—~~in~~ in my opinion
the best of the modern series.
The Road to Ruin & the
Race for Wealth—my own
preference next to given to
the Last Sunday of Charles the
second. "Hélène Duval
the Highwayman"—over the
pictures of modern life.
With thanks for the Com-
-munications accepted by the
Society, I am dear Sir
faithfully yours
J. P. Smith
J. P. Smith
The Ludgate.

greater length and incidentally proves how difficult is the choice he has been asked to make: "In my life's work I think the five pictures that I prefer are the following: The subject of the first, painted while I was still living in Edinburgh, is from the *Morte d'Arthur*; the book was lent me by my friend Sir Noel Paton and at once took hold of me; the subject I chose was King Arthur dying in the Island Valley of Avilion, surrounded by

one. I exhibited the picture in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1860. There was a small replica of it in the Guildhall Exhibition before the last. The second picture I mention is one I painted shortly after settling in London, and was called *Maggie, You're Cheating*, two young girls in the costume of the last century playing cards. The third picture, called *Helen of Kirkconnell*, was painted from what Lord Macaulay called the finest of all the ballads; the point I chose

was where Helen falls dead in her lover's arms, having thrown herself between him and the shot intended for him. It was founded on a real event that happened in the reign of James I. of England. Sir Heron Maxwell told me the scene of the tragedy was visible from some of the windows of his house in Dum-

Jerusalem to deliver the tomb of Christ from the Infidel: the other was a portrait of a lady, head and shoulders, which one of the most distinguished members of our profession always calls my *Gainsborough!* It was exhibited in one of the shows held in the semi-circular galleries behind the Albert Hall, some time in

248. West Street, Chis.

Kangaroo,

Nov. 17. 95

Dear Sir.

In reply to your
question, which I prefer of
my own paintings. Always
the one on which I am working

Believe me to be
Dear Sir.

Yours faithfully

W. H. W. W.

friesshire. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in the year 1868 (as far as I remember). The last two pictures I shall mention together, as one took me the longest time I ever spent on a picture and the other the shortest; the first took me seven months and the other three hours! *Dieu le Veult*, Peter the Hermit preaching the first crusade, is the first in which I tried to suggest the wild enthusiasm of all classes, even of children, for the idea of going to

the seventies; last year I sent it to the Salon. The Peter the Hermit was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1882."

Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., makes a pleasant confession: "My favourite picture is that which I am now engaged on. I like better, however, some one still to be painted in the distant future."

Mr. Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A., says: "I really don't know that it will interest anyone to know which of my works I prefer, but in case it should I prefer my

Idyl, exhibited at the Grafton two years ago, and now in Berlin."

Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., R.I., says: "I am happy to say that my last Royal Academy Picture, *Crossing the Bar*—in the possession of the purchaser—is, I think, my best picture. The

water-colours. Of the river Thames pictures *Limehouse Barge Builders* is the best."

Mr. Walter Langley writes from Newlyn: "You ask which of my own paintings I prefer. So far I think *Among the Missing*, a water-colour, and

BURROWS CROSS, SHERE,

GUILDFORD.

Nov 3rd 1895

Dear Sir

Your question is
a difficult one to answer,
I can hardly say which of
my pictures I like best. perhaps
"In the Evening Time it shall
be light" is the most popular
and I think it one of my
most effective works. but I
have painted others since.

subject pleased me—plenty wind, heavy sea, etc."

Here is the reply of Mr. C. Napier Hemy: "I should say *A Silent Adieu* amongst my garden pictures; *Hardy Fishermen* perhaps the most vigorous of the boating; *St. Mawes* the best coast view; and *Homeward* the first of my

Never Morning Wore to Evening But Some Heart Did Break (an oil picture), are the two paintings which gave me most satisfaction when done. Like most painters, I hope my best picture is still to be painted."

Mr. J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A., is indefinite: "Your question is a difficult

THE LUDGATE

that I think quite equal to
it if not better. "The Manchester
Ship Canal works in progress"
was a much more difficult
subject and equally successful
my this years picture in the
Royal Academy "Evening Glow"
I think equal to anything I
have ever done and one that
I am now at work upon for
next years Academy I think
still better. I always try to
make my last picture my
best.

Truly yours

B. W. Leader -

one to answer. My work always falls so far short of what my ideal is—that my next picture is always to be the best."

Mr. R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A., R.I., is another who complains of the difficulty of the task set him: "You ask an apparently simple question? I have read replies from Authors in the current number of *The Ludgate*, and can only say that if it be

your apparently simple question raises. I shall try to answer it in a manner. *Harrowing* for a grey effect, and *A Borderland Sunset* for an evening scene, are the two pictures which, from recollection, I like best. As they are both in private collections, I have no opportunity of comparing them, and so cannot give you a definite answer, but my preference lies between these two."

Beardley.
Hammersmith. W

Oct. 29
1892

Dear Sir.

I fear that I am in no position to judge of the merits of your work; I know its demands only too well, however. And if you had asked me which of all my works I liked the least I could have answered your question by writing "all of them."

Yours faithfully
H. B. Nisbet

difficult for a writer to arrive at a conclusion, a painter seems to me even worse off. A painter may like one work purely from a technical point of view, and another because it expresses best his feeling, quite independent of whether his manner of doing so is good technically or not. Then, again, colour comes in, and that may be beautiful, and express an emotion associated solely with colour. So you see the difficulties

Mr. George C. Haité, R.B.A., discourses pleasantly and philosophically on the subject. "It is difficult," he writes, "to answer your request that I should inform you which of my pictures I personally prefer. I suppose we have all had some affection—more or less—for most of them as we were painting them, but as we become more dispassionate and critical, and ripened in our judgment, we doubtless



UNDER THE LINDENS — DORDRECHT
FROM A PICTURE BY G. G. HAITE

find that we must have loved them for their very faults. Every parent is blind to the failings of its own off-spring, and exceptionally keen in detecting failings in others, and it is very much the same with pictures. We detect the shortcomings in the works of others by a

sometimes another—as, for instance, for effect—or sentiment, and sometimes the effort to combine both. I might have briefly answered that the artist is always going to paint his best picture, but if it will assist you in any way I will venture to give expression to my preference for

Paris 29 Sept 1895

Monsieur

Je regrette de ne pouvoir répondre à
votre demande mais sans comprendre facilement
que ce qui est possible à des littérateurs
dont les livres courent le monde sans
exciter un grand bruit de la part de
l'aquarion deviendrait une chose
fort grave pour un artiste dont chaque
œuvre est pour lui la meilleure lettre

Veuillez donc m'excuser Monsieur
et croire à mes sentiments très distingués

Wm Bouguereau

direct and unerring instinct; still, to my mind, it would be the worst kind of affectation to deny that one has a liking—a predilection for one or two works, over and above others. The difficulty I find in answering your query arises, therefore, not so much from that of selection, as it does from the fact that one paints sometimes to gain one thing,

two pictures—one painted to give the effect of noonday sunlight life, and movement, as in my picture of Dutch life *Under the Lindens*, now at the Crystal Palace (which has been awarded a silver medal by Messrs. Burgess, R.A., Phil Morris, A.R.A., and Alfred East, R.I.); and of the depression and sadness of a wet autumn evening, as in my picture,

Leaves must fall and the Latest Blossoms Wither, of which a reproduction will appear in the *Art Journal* for March, 1896.

Mr. T. Graham, A.R.S.A. writes: "Like the children, my mind reverted to my *biggest*, called *The Last Boat*, exhibited at the last exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery."

cards — was purchased by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., for a gallery in Auckland, New Zealand."

Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., writes: "It is a very difficult matter to decide which picture I have taken the most interest in whilst at work upon it. Perhaps I would give the preference to the 42nd Royal Highlanders (*Black*

BURLINGTON HOUSE.

PICCADILLY.

Nov. 2^d 1895

Dear Sir

May excuse the delay in answering
Your Circular in which you ask
Which of my paintings I prefer -
that delay is caused not by
negligence on my part but
by sheer difficulty in replying to
Your enquiry — I do not
think any of my pictures are
favourites of mine - and if in
some corner of my brain there
should lurk some faint preference
for one or two of my works -

Mr. Patrick W. Adam, A.R.S.A., says: "It is somewhat difficult for an artist to fix on a particular picture out of a very considerable number, but I think a little picture which I exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy last year, entitled *Christmas Cards*, is my favourite. This picture—which represents a little girl sitting at a table looking at some

Watch) at bay, *Quatre Bras*, painted in '94, but they all interest me."

Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.S.A., is lucky in liking his last: "I consider my last Academy picture, entitled *A Summer Eve*, the best of my efforts. It is at present hung in Manchester, and has been bought by the Corporation Art Committee."

Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood, R.P.E., says: "I am less dissatisfied, perhaps, with a portrait of my sister in black (exhibited a few years ago at the Suffolk Street Galleries, and afterwards in the Paris Salon), than with most of my painting, and next to that—as ideal work—I place a picture called *The Triumph of Spring*, exhibited at the Grosvenor

at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours entitled *Early Morning in the Meadows* is the one."

This is the reply of Mr. R. H. Carter: "I would name *A Message to the Reef*, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1892 Exhibition, as the best subject I have done. It has been published as a gravure by Frost and Reed, Bristol."

That preference has no critical value whatever - for as a mother's love, it is said, clings closest to the most frail, sickly or troublesome of her children, authors and painters as a rule think best of those works which have given them the most trouble and anxiety - I am.

Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
Philip H. Calderon

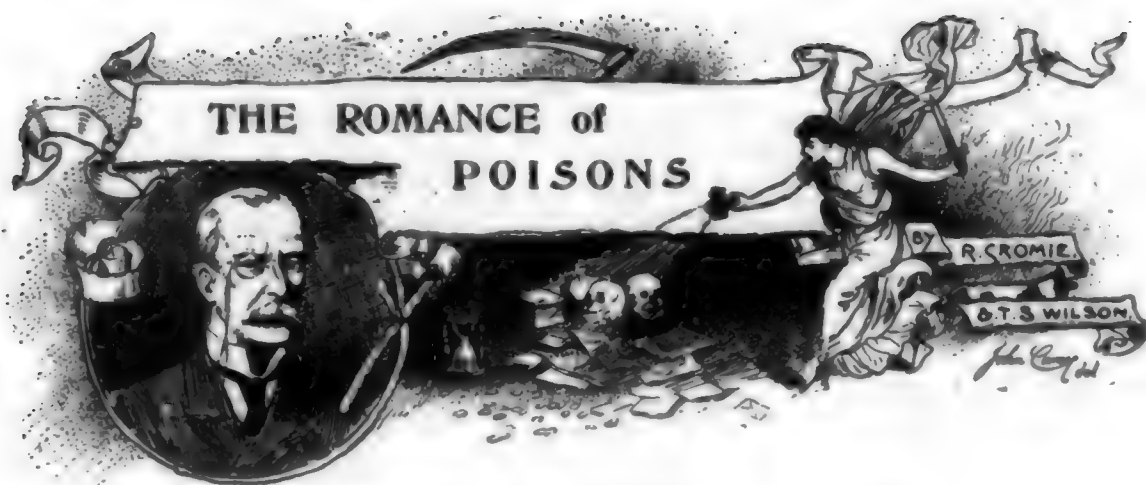
Gallery, and now belonging to Sydney, N.S.W."

Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, A.R.S.A., imitates certain of his brethren in discretion: "It is not easy for an artist to say which of his works he thinks the best; my experience is that anyone who possesses a picture thinks that is the artist's best, hence you will easily understand that it would be ungracious of me to indicate a preference for any one of mine in particular."

Mr. Claude Hayes, R.I., writing awhile ago, said: "The picture now on view

Mr. E. M. Wimperis, R.I., says: "A Water-colour drawing of a *Scotch Moor* in the possession of Lord Eger-ton of Tatton, which gained a medal at the last Paris International Exhibition."

But surely the most delightfully candid confession comes from Mr. J. R. Weguelin, A.R.W.S.: "My favourite is my first exhibited picture. It is not a good picture and it was not well hung, but it gave me more happiness than any work of mine has given me since, and I love it."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

MR. WALLACE ARMSTRONG, M.P., had been three times Mayor of Salchester, and he had more than once declined the honour of knighthood during his terms of office. When his party was swept out of power by the flowing or ebbing tide of the political moment it was reported in the press that the Mayor of Salchester had refused a baronetcy. Some wondered at the Mayor's humility; others, professing greater knowledge, sneered at his insatiable ambition. The Mayor himself meanwhile went steadily on, rendering great services to his party, spending money recklessly to further its interests, and waiting. Everything comes to those who wait, and Armstrong did more than merely wait: he worked and sweated his factory girls so far as the Acts permitted.

Gerald Armstrong, the Mayor's only son, was an excellent foil to many of his father's best intentions. He had been sent down from Cambridge for something discreditable, and after spending a year or two abroad he returned to the paternal roof to form, as it were, a dark background against which his father's wisdom and piety showed with great brightness. This contrast, although sometimes convenient, was really distressing to the Mayor who feared and, indeed, believed, that in addition to all the bets and debts he had paid, and scandals he had hushed up, Gerald would one day cover him with unsupportable disgrace. The sins of the son were thus somewhat heavily visited upon the father, and the

father's devotion, as is usual in such cases, was proportionately great.

When the great election of 189— came on, it will be remembered that the country rose to the occasion. Mr. Armstrong rose with it. His interest was of great service in most of the manufacturing towns around Salchester, and his money was useful generally. Many seats were captured. When an ex-Cabinet Minister was sent to contest one of the divisions of Salchester, the Mayor felt the opportunity of his life had come. He would make the East Division of Salchester his "coping-stone." He would win it for the ex-Cabinet Minister, and then the inhabitants of his native city would find out the full glory of the man they had thrice made their chief magistrate.

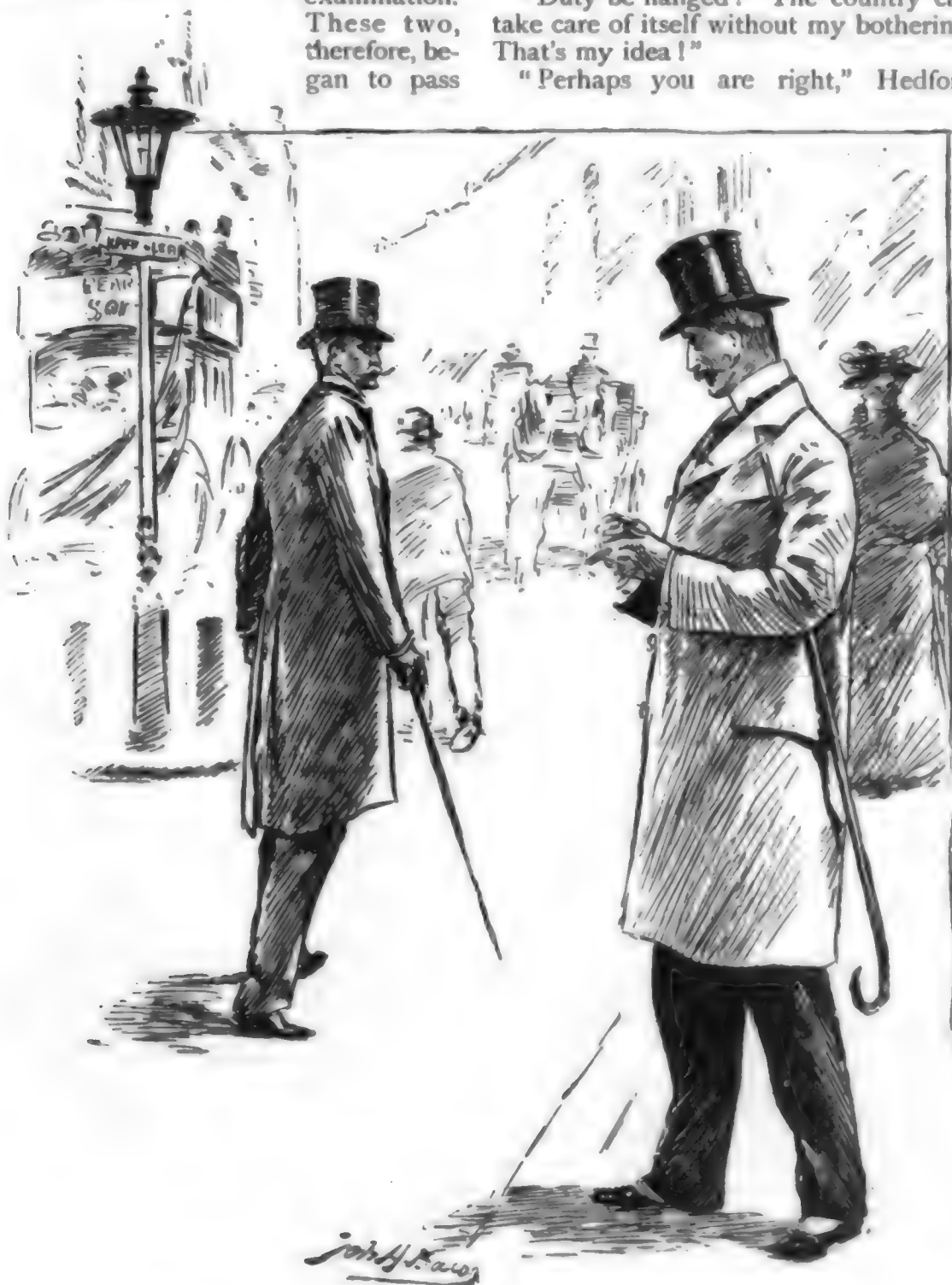
The political excitement was so keen that Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was drawn into the struggle. Himself cared nothing for politics, but his friends dragged him to meetings, and pushed him upon platforms where, to his own surprise, he made speeches and wondered what the people were cheering about—which, as a rule, they did not know themselves. Hedford served on one of the ex-Cabinet Minister's Committees, and so was brought into daily contact with the Mayor, whose indomitable perseverance and energy he could not but admire. He also made Gerald Armstrong's acquaintance, and was not long in arriving at the opinion that rumour for once had understated the case against the culprit. This was enough to arouse Hedford's

interest. Gerald was in every way such an efficient scoundrel as to repay a student of character for the most minute examination. These two, therefore, began to pass

"It is rather a bore, I must admit," Hedford answered. "But one must do one's duty to the country."

"Duty be hanged! The country can take care of itself without my bothering. That's my idea!"

"Perhaps you are right," Hedford



"COLONEL HEDFORD REPLIED SHARPLY, TURNING AWAY"

as friends with the Mayor's party. They really had one point in common: neither cared for politics.

"Confounded rot, this political tomfoolery," Gerald said frankly one day when he met Hedford on his way to a Committee meeting. "I wonder why you bore yourself with it."

said coldly. "Your interference might not do any good. At the same time I think you ought to show yourself at the meeting in St. George's Hall to-night. I suggest it merely as a matter of expediency. Your continued absence gives annoyance to your father."

"Oh, dad's all right. I can twist him

round my little finger. Why last week I got fifty out of the old chap after he had sworn he would not bleed another sixpence for the next three months. And I managed it by the simplest dodge in the world. I pretended——"

"I am busy now. You can tell me at another time."

"Dear me!" young Armstrong sneered. "That is as much as to say that you have got on your moral stilts. You are very seldom off them."

"I would rather be on moral stilts than be a moral idiot," Colonel Hedford replied sharply, turning away,

Armstrong followed him down the street, laughing heartily.

"On my soul I give you credit for that—Hedford." He was going to say "old chap," but the other's face stopped him. "I do indeed." He laughed again, and quite unaffectedly. It was not because he had lost all self-respect, but because he had never had any. "You see it so exactly describes me—a moral idiot—but it's rather rough from you."

"Why from me?"

"I mean from—a murderer." There was no malice in the way this was said. It was simply given as the necessary explanation.

"What do you mean?" Hedford asked stopping suddenly and confronting Armstrong.

"You need not look so desperately shocked. I meant no harm. It was that collision when you were on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. I read about it in Melbourne. Didn't you shoot a poor devil who was trying to get into a boat? I suppose you were all in a jolly funk. I should, if I had been there."

"You would," Hedford assented.

"But you all got off in the end?"

"No, not all. One man was shot, but not by me. Had you been there—the subject is disagreeable to me."

"Then we'll drop it by all means. And just to show there's no ill feeling on my part I'll turn up at the meeting to-night. I'll be on the platform."

"I am glad of that——" Hedford paused abruptly. He was about to offer some good advice, contrary to his rule, which was never to advise an adult, believing that if a man will not act wisely for his own sake he certainly will not for the sake of his good adviser. They parted at a street corner without further conversation.

The meeting was disorderly and at times riotous. It had been meant for the friends of the ex-Cabinet Minister only, but both sides were strongly represented. One ugly rush was made for the platform. It was narrowly defeated. Just at this moment Gerald Armstrong arrived. His presence on the platform was hailed by the opposition with loud groans, and by the other side with tremendous cheers. The young fellow had always been liberal with his father's money, and so had a considerable following in the hall.

But Hedford had made a bad mistake in bringing Gerald to the meeting. For when Mr. Wallace Armstrong, M.P., thrice Lord Mayor of Salchester, sat down after delivering a well constructed speech on the "Liberty of the Individual"—which must certainly suffer if his nominee were not elected—a marked impression was observable in the audience. The people had previously been frenzied by a passionate address from the ex-Cabinet Minister, wherein a little outburst of high treason had been violently applauded, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, bannerets, and everything movable being waved aloft in great enthusiasm. When Mr. Armstrong, however, sat down after his coldly practical statement, there was almost silence. The audience was really moved by the plain sense of the speaker. Their silence betrayed more respect, if less enthusiasm. It was soon disturbed.

A haggard workman in the centre of the hall stood up and began to speak. His voice was instantly drowned by discordant cries from Armstrong's party. He demanded a hearing. They threatened to throw him out.

"Tyranny!" the man yelled.

The single word produced an extraordinary effect on the people. Armstrong, who knew the temper of an audience, and could gauge its impulses with exactitude, saw a crisis was imminent. He stepped forward, asked the workman to ascend the platform, and begged the people to hear him. "A fair field and no favour," he claimed, had been his guiding principle through life. This took with the audience. Great cheering followed in which both sides joined. When he got upon the platform the workman was trembling with excitement, but he was too much in earnest to allow any nervous strain to prevent him

from giving his "message" to the meeting.

"Men of Salchester," the impromptu speaker began in a thin voice which was heard with difficulty. "You have listened to Mr. Armstrong's speech on the liberty of the individual——"

"Speak up!"

"I will speak up in a minute," the man said, his voice gathering a little strength. "It's a fine theory, is Mr. Armstrong's, and I just want to tell you summat about Mr. Armstrong's practice. My girl, Molly Jones, as fine a lass as ever stepped, went into his factory when she was sixteen year old—that's three years ago—and 'and-somely he's treated her."

"Shut up! No personalities!"

"No personalities! Isn't it all personalities so far? And isn't it a 'fair field and no favour' that Mr. Armstrong has claimed for me? I'll say my say and you can judge between him and me——"

It was a psychological moment. Any interference with the man would surely turn the people in his favour. Armstrong arose again and raising his hand for silence once more asked for a patient hearing for his critic. The Mayor was again vehemently cheered. The speaker was nonplussed. He could not understand such generosity from a man he had all his life regarded as a merciless slave-owner, a "bloated" capitalist, and a sworn enemy to the working class. He commenced again lamely, gave the hours

his daughter had worked and the wages she had received, spoke of the hopeless misery and the profitless drudgery of the life, and then a sudden passion lent him eloquence. He charged young Armstrong publicly with his daughter's ruin.

"And she's disgraced to-night, and



"YOU CAN JUDGE BETWEEN HIM AND ME"

he sits there among the highest in the land. And if that's the way individual liberty is to be divided between us lower orders and our betters, all I have to say is as hell will be a pleasant change for us."

The meeting broke up in confusion.

On the platform it was felt that such language could be no longer permitted. Even Mr. Armstrong consented to the man's expulsion, and he was flung outside the hall in a damaged condition physically, but satisfied that he had said his say. The incident was unfortunate. It lessened Mr. Armstrong's influence with the electors, and although the ex-Cabinet Minister won his seat, it was by a narrow majority. Still, he won it, and the ambition of Wallace Armstrong's life was surely now secure. But it was not yet; for when the higher powers say a thing may not be done, it seldom is done. And so there was an end to Wallace Armstrong's ambition for the present.

Hedford was dining with the Mayor when the letter arrived which conveyed this unpleasant news. It was from the Cabinet Minister, and indicated as delicately as possible the reason why the Prime Minister's suggestion had been ignored.

"It is hard, very hard," the Mayor said, querulously, "that this ungrateful son of mine should thwart me at every point. You can see plainly from Lord Balcombe's letter why——" He broke off with an inarticulate growl and there came over his face an expression which Hedford had only seen once before—on the platform in St. George's Hall when he was publicly shamed by the simple fact that he was the father of his son.

"Hard, very hard! And I have done so much for him."

"A good deal too much," Hedford said drily.

"You do not understand. You have been in India all the best years of your life. Your liver——"

"Is not quite what I would like. It does not, however, influence my judgment."

"Bah! You have no son."

Hedford felt thankful that he had not a son like the Mayor's, but he said nothing.

"What am I to do?" Armstrong asked appealingly. "What can I do with Gerald?"

"Very little. I mean, nothing at all unless you adopt strong measures. The time for kindness is past. If you want to make a man of your son—I don't say a good man, only a colourable imitation—you will have to take my advice. But it is not my business to advise," he corrected hastily.

"Oh, yes, it is your business. Everything seems to be your business. Why not this amongst the rest? And I will do whatever you direct. How do you account for his being—being such a——"

"Consummate scoundrel," was in Hedford's mind. He kept it there, and said instead "Put him into a private asylum for a year and see whether it will do anything for him. He is really insane. He ought to be under restraint. Do you know that he is suffering from alcoholic poisoning at the present moment?"

"Dr. Aicken says he will be all right, so far as his health is concerned, in a short time," the Mayor answered.

"Then perhaps you had better follow Dr. Aicken's advice," Hedford said stiffly, and the subject was dropped.

Dr. Aicken was wrong. Gerald Armstrong did not get well in a few days, he got much worse. Nemesis is better late than never. The patient was troublesome and exacting, and consequently a great fuss was made about him. No one troubles about the ninety-and-nine who go "straight." It is the hundredth who goes wrong that is treated as a martyr and brought back in the bosom of the good shepherd. It is a rather ridiculous aberration.

When young Armstrong was at his worst, the girl, Mary Jones, was noticed hanging about the house, and was threatened by the police. She appealed to Hedford, who had put her in the way of earning an honest living. "Only to see him once before he dies," she pleaded. This, of course, her social saviour could not accomplish. So she had to try a desperate and too successful an experiment. Two days later she was arrested on the charge of having attempted to murder Gerald Armstrong by poison.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the details elaborated at the police-court investigation after the arrest. In brief, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford swore that he was summoned urgently, at Dr. Aicken's request, to Martello Towers. He found Gerald Armstrong suffering from narcotic poisoning. He diagnosed the case as narcotic poisoning from the usual symptoms—flushing of the face at first; then extreme lividness, accompanied by contraction of the pupils, and low circulation. Chloral was the poison used.



"PLEASE SIT DOWN"

Dr. Aicken corroborated. Had the remedial treatment been delayed twenty minutes young Armstrong must have died.

Mrs. Douglas, housekeeper at the Towers, deposed that the nurse in charge of the case left at five o'clock on the evening of the attempted murder. An experienced nurse from London was to take her place within an hour. In the meantime she took charge of the patient. She was called out of the room to meet the prisoner, who was dressed in a nurse's costume and said that she had been sent from London to relieve the woman who had left. Mrs. Douglas had

not been more than ten minutes out of the sick room before giving over charge of the patient to the prisoner. Shortly after, Dr. Aicken arrived and found that young Armstrong had been poisoned. The prisoner became hysterical and her imposture, i.e., that of being an experienced nurse, was at once detected. The police were sent for and she was taken into custody.

The police evidence was only important in proving that nothing criminal was found in the clothing of the accused.

By the grace of the Court the prisoner made a pathetic statement from the

dock. She said she had frequently tried to see the man who had pretended he was her lover, but had always been repulsed. One day she had been told

patient was unconscious. She was about to ring for assistance when Dr. Aicken arrived. She would have given her life for Mr. Gerald—here she broke down.



"YOU HAVE SEEN THIS BEFORE, I BELIEVE?"

by a servant who had showed her some kindness, that a new nurse was coming from London. She personated that nurse, and when she got into the sick-room found to her horror that the

After several remands the case was returned for trial. At the next assizes Mary Jones was acquitted for want of direct evidence to connect her with the actual administration of the poison. She

had better luck than she deserved, most people said.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had an opinion of his own: but he kept it to himself. To ventilate it would only court disaster. He had no proofs. Meantime young Armstrong did the worst thing in the world for everybody connected with him as well as himself. He got slowly better. His long-suffering father was the only person who admitted any satisfaction at this turn of affairs. Gerald Armstrong eventually got quite well, and so forgot all his good resolutions. Six months afterwards he died in a London hospital.

Then this paragraph appeared simultaneously in all the Salchester papers: "A vacancy will be immediately caused in the parliamentary representation of Salchester by the elevation of Mr. Wallace Armstrong (Mayor of the city and M.P. for the southern division) to the peerage. We understand that the new peer's title will be Lord Lithington."

Hedford read this at breakfast. Having done so, he sent for Mary Jones. His messenger knew where to find her, and she came at once. When she entered his study, he offered her a chair. She rested her arm on the chair back, but did not sit down.

"Please sit down," Hedford said kindly; "unless you wish me to stand."

"Oh, no, sir; please don't." The girl flopped into the chair.

"That's right. Now, will you just go over again that extraordinary story of yours—that night you got into Gerald Armstrong's room."

"I thought I told you, sir."

"Yes, so you did. I want to get the details accurately fixed in my mind. You are quite sure you heard some one leaving the room as you entered?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"And then you found an empty bottle labelled 'chloral' on the floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you——"

"Say what, sir?"

"What did you do with the bottle?"

"I dropped it into a delf jug" (she

meant an antique vase) "on the mantel-piece. Dr. Aicken was coming. I did not tell this to the solicitor. I never told it to anyone but you. You have been so kind to me—God's blessing on you, sir—and I did not tell you either until the trial was over."

"What was your object in that?"

"I didn't want to make trouble."

"If Mr. Armstrong had died from the poison it might have cost you your life."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and said grimly:

"I'm none too fond of it."

"My dear Hedford I am delighted to see you," the Mayor of Salchester said, as the specialist was ushered into his reception room. "I suppose you have heard the news and have come to congratulate me?"

"I have come to get you to do something for the girl, Jones. If you refer to the Peerage, I think you will decline that."

"Decline it! The ambition of my life!"

"Then it won't be gratified."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here." Hedford produced an empty bottle labelled "Poison." "You have seen this before, I believe?"

Armstrong flinched. He regained his nerve in a moment, and denied having seen the bottle. Afterwards he maintained his self-possession absolutely throughout a long and trying interview. Hedford had no case: mere suspicion is not enough to go to law on. He left the Towers at the suggestion of the proprietor and was ordered never to darken its doors again.

But Wallace Armstrong declined the Peerage, and retired altogether from public life. He died soon after, heart-broken by the loss of his son it was said.

The citizens of Salchester raised a handsome monument in memory of the man who had been three times their Mayor. It contains a record of all the virtues which were his, and many others which were not.





MY VALENTINE

*The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
That's what I've said
To Cissy Hugh;
For I am ten and she is nine,
And I'm sending her a valentine.*

*I wrote as neat
As I could do,
The honey's sweet
And so are you.*
And made six crosses in a line
For kisses on my valentine.

*Then must I say,
What none should miss,
And so are they
That send you this.*
And every word was written fine,
Upon the pretty valentine.

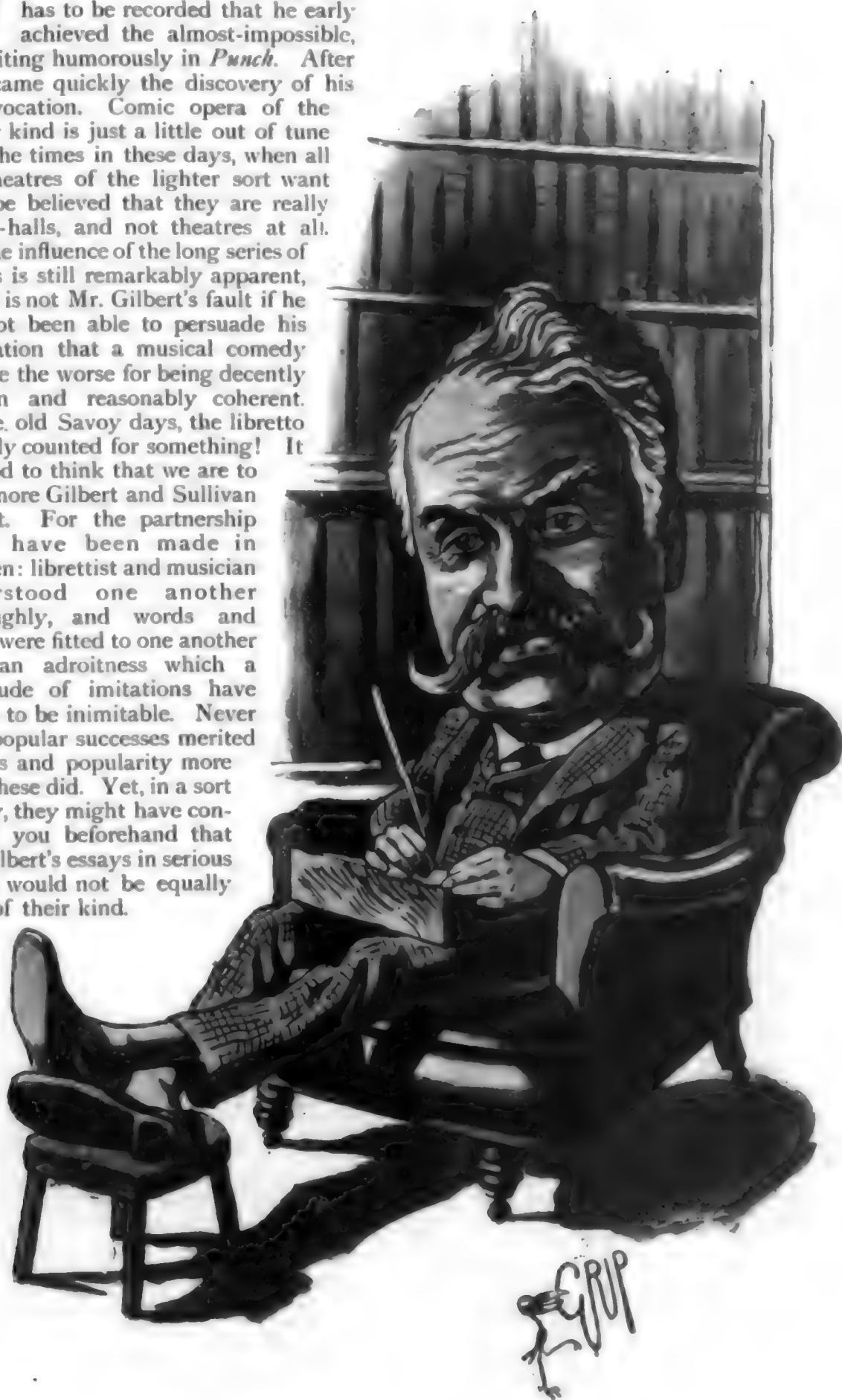
*And last, how sweet
To say to Cis,
And when we meet
We'll have a kiss.*
Now, I shall write her name and mine,
And take to her my valentine.

*But when I got
To, "Cissy from——"
I made a blot
Instead of "Tom."
And big tears fell on every line,
And so I spoiled my valentine.*
GABRIEL SETOUN.



Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

OF Mr. William Schwenk Gilbert it has to be recorded that he early achieved the almost-impossible, by writing humorously in *Punch*. After that came quickly the discovery of his real vocation. Comic opera of the Savoy kind is just a little out of tune with the times in these days, when all the theatres of the lighter sort want it to be believed that they are really music-halls, and not theatres at all. But the influence of the long series of operas is still remarkably apparent, and it is not Mr. Gilbert's fault if he has not been able to persuade his generation that a musical comedy is none the worse for being decently written and reasonably coherent. In the old Savoy days, the libretto actually counted for something! It is good to think that we are to have more Gilbert and Sullivan at last. For the partnership must have been made in Heaven: librettist and musician understood one another thoroughly, and words and music were fitted to one another with an adroitness which a multitude of imitations have shown to be inimitable. Never have popular successes merited success and popularity more than these did. Yet, in a sort of way, they might have convinced you beforehand that Mr. Gilbert's essays in serious drama would not be equally good of their kind.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The readers of the "Ludgate" have for once displayed a singular reluctance to stoop to prose, and for the Competition which closed at the end of December but one short tale was submitted. Hence there was no competition. The verses, however, were more numerous than ever, and the medal was awarded to Mr. W. J. M. Combe for his "Fantasy." A decorative page, by Mr. G. F. M. Hopkins, was adjudged the best of the drawings, and received the award. The photographs, as usual, were numerous, and, in many cases, excellent. The medal is awarded to Mr. Henry W. Bennett for "A Strong Breeze," a picture which gives you an admirable impression of wind that blows over open sea. Photographs of child life for the next Competition should reach the office of the "Ludgate" not later than February 25th, and the result will be announced in the April number.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

FANTASY.

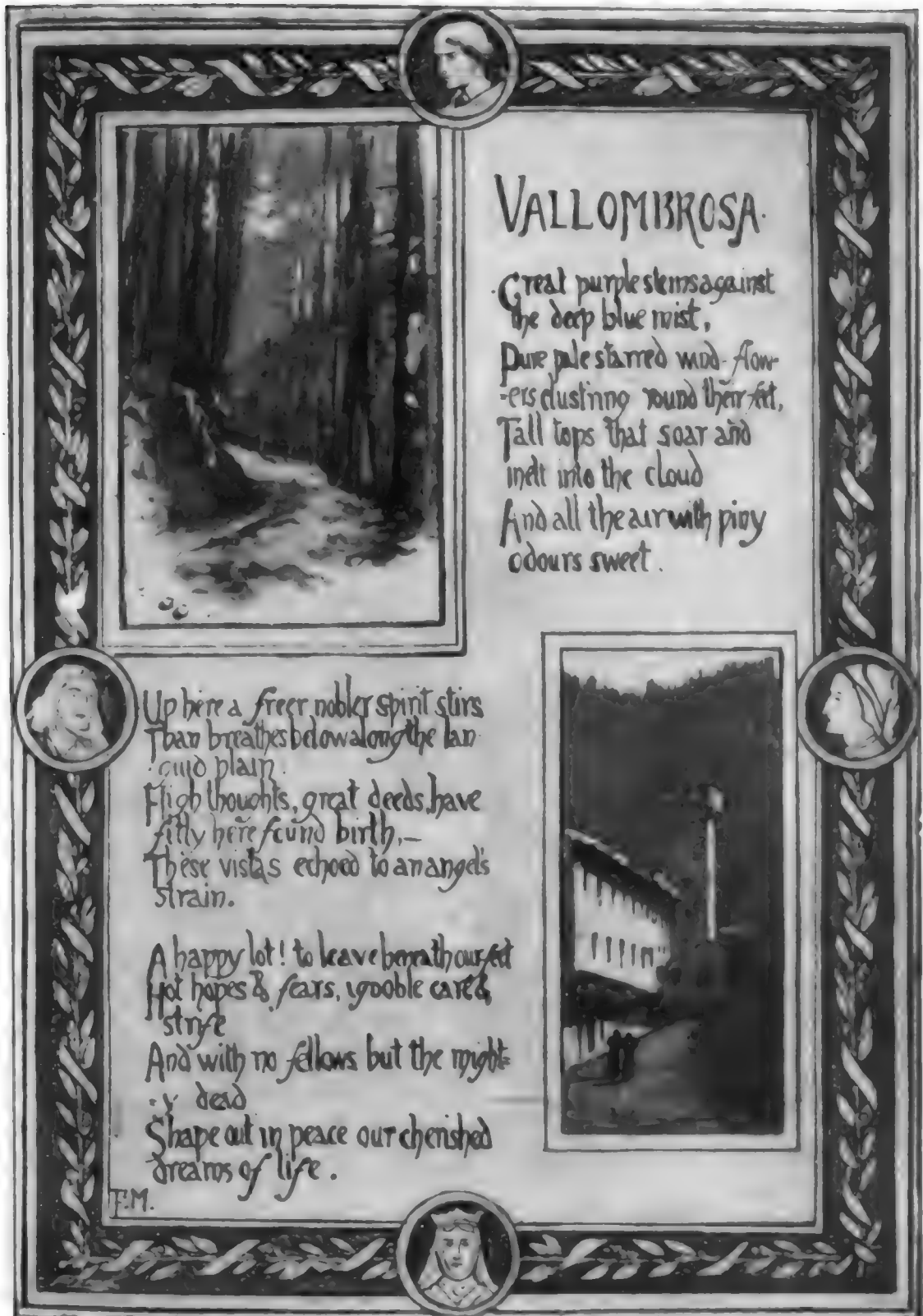
By WILLIAM J. M. COMBE, 22, Frederick Terrace, Posnett Street, Belfast.

THRO' morning's mist that hides the hills,
O'er meadows blossom-bright,
By slopes ashine with daffodils
That make the Spring's delight,
She floats along, a mountain fay,
As if by magic drawn,—
A fair forerunner of the day,
A spirit of the Dawn.

Each leaf is as a courtier
That bows to see her pass ;
And meadow-minstrels sing for her
Amid the springing grass ;
Her hair, with dewy lustre crowned,
Like rippled sunlight lies ;
And twin forget-me-nots have found
A mirror in her eyes.

O earth has dreams in sleeping days :
The splendour of the spring
Stirs into life the orchard ways,
And makes the copses ring.
Put happier dreams are mine—are mine,
Wherein my sweet appears,
With wakened beauty half-divine,
And love that crowns the years.

The Best Drawing.



VALLOMBROSA.

Great purple stems against
the deep blue mist,
Pure pale starred mid-flow-
ers clustering round their feet,
Tall tops that soar and
melt into the cloud
And all the air with piny
odours sweet.

Up here a freer nobler spirit stirs
Than breathes below along the lan-
guid plain.
High thoughts, great deeds have
fitty here found birth,—
These vistas echoed to an angel's
strain.

A happy lot! to leave beneath our feet
Hot hopes & fears, yonoble care &
strife
And with no fellows but the might-
y dead
Shape out in peace our cherished
dreams of life.

F.M.

The Best Photograph.



A STRONG BREEZE: MEDAL

By HENRY W. BENNETT



IN PORT: COMMENDED

By W. SMEDLEY ASTON, 7, *Newhall Street, Birmingham*



BEFORE THE START: COMMENDED

By JAMES McCLEERY, 63, *Royal Avenue, Belfast*



THE SWISH OF THE RISING TIDE: COMMENDED

By CAPTAIN JAMIESON, *Drumgarth, Cults, Aberdeenshire*



ON THE BACKWATER: COMMENDED
By W. TAYLOR, 268, *Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill*



MOONLIGHT EFFECT: COMMENDED
By B. KARLUSE, 202, *Albert Road, Handsworth, Staffs.*

The Land of the Lily and the Rose.

BY ROLAND BELFORT.



DIADANT in the eternal sunshine of the Southern Atlantic lie the Bermudas, those picturesque islands discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1515, colonized by the English a century later, and celebrated in song by Shakespeare, Marvel,

Moore, and other poets. For Britain Bermuda is a western Gibraltar—a stronghold on which millions have been spent for fortifications. Its geographical position renders its maintenance in defensive efficiency an Imperial necessity. Naval rendezvous, coaling station, and fortress, it occupies a central position in our trio of Atlantic naval stations—Halifax, Bermuda, and Jamaica. Our American cousins regard these islands as a delightful sanatorium. "Stolen America," as they often term them, is a favourite resort of many wealthy invalids and pleasure-seekers, who fly to these "summer isles" at the approach of winter.

Situated about two thousand miles south-west of England, seven hundred from New York, and about seven hundred and fifty from Halifax, N.S., Bermuda comprises three hundred and sixty-five islets, built on the peak of a submarine mountain covering an area of twenty square miles, and rising over two hundred and thirty feet above the sea. They extend in an irregular course, in shape something like a fish-hook, the curved end lying to the westward, and forming the deep, commodious, land-locked harbour of "Great Sound." Shakespeare, with poetical license, describes these islands as being of coral formation, but modern science proves they have been formed by the perpetual drifting up of sand, which time and pressure have hardened into the famous Bermuda stone. There are six principal

islands—the Mainland (on which Hamilton is situated), St. George's, St. David's, Somerset, Boaz, and Ireland. Connecting bridges and causeways facilitate inter-communication. The other islets are scattered about in picturesque irregularity, each possessing some particular charm due to its conformation, position, or scenery. Pretty lakes, miniature bays, rising hills crowned with powerful forts, flower-decked valleys, a wealth of luxuriant vegetation, and numerous white and glistening cottages, impart a diversified aspect to the landscape. Several miles out to sea a cordon of sunken reefs encircles the islands. The channel ways through this natural rampart—reared, in the course of countless centuries, by the drifting and hardening of the sand, and its subsequent subsidence—are extremely narrow and tortuous, so that these reefs constitute a protection that renders Bermuda practically impregnable.

The first view is particularly enchanting. A tiny speck in the ocean emerges above the horizon, increasing in size until one sees, floating on the bosom of the waters, a lovely island—a symphony in green, white, and gold. At the north-eastern extremity, nestling in a grove of cedars, stands St. David's, with its lofty white lighthouse, which flashes out a nightly welcome—and warning—to approaching ships. Our ship then reaches a narrow channel leading into the interior. Here vessels may often be seen performing what appears to be a journey across the land—their upper spars being seen slowly moving amongst the numerous islands. To the left is St. George's, with its long range of white barracks, which served as quarters for the Grenadier Guards during their temporary exile.

No sea-port in the world has such a curious approach as Hamilton. The town, buried in the interior, is not visible from Grassy Bay—a commodious harbour lying midway between Hamilton and Ireland Island—and it is impossible



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BERMUDAS



HAMILTON

for any stranger to divine its direction. The ship is carefully steered through mazy channels, past flowery islets, through passages no wider than the Strand. (These channels are now being superseded by wide and deep passages, at a cost of £40,000.) For some time not a glimpse of the town is obtained; then the ship suddenly emerges into a broader channel, rounds yet another point, steams into a harbour, and arrives in sight of Hamilton, a city entirely composed of white houses built on a slope

discharging cargo. Not far from the water-side, at Par-la-Ville, Queen Street, is an immense india-rubber tree, which, shooting out its huge limbs from very near the earth, extends across the street, affording delightful shade. Mark Twain is said to have picked from this tree various india-rubber articles for domestic use. As no one has done this since, it must be inferred that the genial humorist arrived at a very favourable season.

Hamilton being the seat of govern-



A FIELD OF LILIES

running down to the water's edge. On the opposite side of the narrow harbour is a range of cedar-covered hills. Hamilton is a bright little city, intersected by the whitest of streets, the white-roofed houses being half hidden by cedars, palms, pride of India, and a variety of brilliant flowers. Everything glistens in the sunlight; the waters sparkle, the yachts and other craft dance at their moorings, steam pinnaces manned by white-jacketed tars puff their way across the harbour, pleasure boats dart hither and thither, while the restless rattle of steam gear is heard from the New York steamer

ment, the centre from which everything radiates, it is there we find the Parliament House, Government offices, public library and the like. The administration of Bermuda, with its population of fifteen thousand—six thousand whites and nine thousand coloured—is vested in a Governor, who is also Commander of the Forces. The present titular is General T. C. Lyons, C.B., a distinguished officer with a brilliant record. He is advised by an Executive Council of six members, and there is a Legislative Council of nine members selected from amongst the principal judicial and execu-

tive officers. The House of Assembly, elected by popular vote on a register of one thousand one hundred and sixty-one, consists of thirty-six members. Its proceedings would not appear exciting to an outsider, but they are, notwithstanding, remarkable for the sensible and practical manner in which all subjects under discussion are dealt with. The various branches of the public service as organised in England all exist here—in miniature. Bermuda claims one distinction—it has escaped the visitation of the Salvation Army. But the existence of public spirit and religious enthusiasm is attested by the handsome cathe-

dral recently erected. English names are common—Warwick, Southampton, Somerset and Devonshire all remind one of home. So does the British coinage, which alone passes current here. Most of the shops are like country stores. Confectionery may often be bought in a shoe shop, postage stamps and vegetables at a grocer's, jewellery in a furniture store. There is one edifice which serves as a walking-stick maker's store, Mechanics' Institute and Methodist chapel. Bermuda has an aristocracy, composed of the descendants of the pioneers and of certain colonists who made their money by blockade-running during the American war. Captious critics assert

that these enterprising old-timers also indulged in a little wrecking—and even piracy—when the occasion was very tempting! But this is probably the idle gossip of envious tongues. Many names on old records, Darrell, Tucker, Outerbridge, are still in evidence today. Naturally, the presence of the military and naval forces and the execution of many public works tend to stimulate business. The Bermudians carry on a considerable export trade—principally with the United States. The chief products are onions, potatoes, lily bulbs, arrowroot and tomatoes. About £80,000 worth of potatoes



A GROUP OF NATIVES

and onions are shipped to America every year. Their crops, being first in season, fetch high prices. The leading fruits are the banana, melon, grape and peach. Great attention is now being paid to the cultivation of flowers, vegetables, silkworms and tobacco. Some of the lily fields are forty acres in extent, and when in bloom present a strikingly beautiful sight. The buds are so carefully packed for shipment that they blossom—often remaining fresh for a fortnight after their arrival in America. The coloured labourers earn good wages, and most of them have a cottage, a patch of ground which is a flowery paradise, and a goodly collection of children. They make loyal

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ROAD CUT THROUGH STONE



MOUNT LANGTON: THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE

citizens and are gradually increasing the general welfare of the island by purchasing and cultivating small plots of land. The educational system is good, religious and social work is well maintained; taxes are nominal, and serious crimes are practically unknown. The men are comfortably dressed, whilst the attire of the women is often gorgeous. On Sundays and holidays they appear in flaming yellows, bright pinks, rutilant scarlets—their favourite tonalities. Patent leather boots, immense feathers and dainty parasols are not rare. Men, women and children look pictures of beaming health and contentment.

Every visitor is struck by the excellence of the roads—marvels of durability and good workmanship. They are made from the solid sandstone, sawn out, planed down to a level, or formed of debris of the same material, which the sun rapidly hardens. There are over a hundred miles of these highways, which render walking, driving and cycling a positive pleasure. Three trunk roads, broad, white and smooth, running north, south and through the centre, together with good cross roads, intersect the main island. The walls and roofs of Bermudan houses are made of this sandstone. In excavating for a cellar, enough material will be removed to build and roof the dwelling. It is easily cut into any shape direct from the quarry by means of saws. As the people depend on rain water for drinking purposes, every house is provided with an underground cistern, and every roof is kept well whitewashed, so that the water caught is pure and clean.

The climate, especially in winter, is simply charming. Many distinguished visitors, including Thomas Moore, Princess Louise, the Duke of York and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have praised its beauties. The daily range of temperature

from December to May is between 65 and 75° Fahr. There are, however, days when a fire is a welcome luxury.

The wind is somewhat erratic. It



THE ROYAL PALMS

occasionally blows during August with cyclonic force from every point of the compass in the space of two hours. With surprising suddenness it veers round from some mysterious corner, big rain clouds gather, Boreas sounds a thunderous alarm and a drenching rain storm bursts over the islands. The lighthouse on Gibb's Hill trembles and quivers, the waves are angry on the reefs, and the ships in the bay can scarcely keep to their anchors. But the tempest as suddenly ceases, the rain is quickly absorbed, the sun pierces through the wind-driven clouds, and the verdant isles, refreshed by this natural shower-bath, shine forth with greater brilliancy than ever. There are no wild animals,

snakes or noxious insects in Bermuda. But the tiresome mosquitoes and the harmless and pretty lizards are very plentiful, especially during the summer.

In December the Quebec Steamship Company organises a weekly service between New York and Bermuda. The voyage, performed in 48 hours, is really a fairy transformation scene. The ship steals out of New York harbour with its blizzards, fogs and generally arctic aspect. But after the first day the Gulf Stream works a beneficial change. Wraps and winter clothing are thrown aside, balmy breezes begin to blow, a genial sun tempts even the most timid invalids on

the rooms and on every balcony, and other essentially American accessories, without which it is doubtful whether the Yankees would appreciate even the beauties of Bermuda. There are many charming villas belonging to prominent Bermudans. They nestle amongst palms, cedars, and lilies, literally covered by a profusion of flowers. Prominent amongst them is Mount Langton, a commodious residence recently built for the Governor on a slope facing the sea. Beautiful birds formerly frequented the islands, birds whose delicacy of hue and originality of form were a continual source of astonishment and delight. But



RACING DINGHY

deck. The following morning the delighted passengers catch their first view of the "summer isles." The principal hotels are the Princess, named after Princess Louise, and the Hamilton: two immense and luxuriously appointed establishments. The Princess is built on a bold elevation near the harbour, its southern front reaching to the water's edge. The Hamilton, belonging to the Corporation, occupies a prominent position, and stands in its own grounds. From its balconies extensive views of the city, harbour, and surrounding country are obtained. Both houses are worked on the American plan—long drinks at the bars, a multitude of funny little dishes on the tables, rocking-chairs in all

only the Red Cardinal and the Blue Jay now remain. Myriads of crickets keep up a continual buzzing. At Warwick are four magnificent palms, known as the Royal Palms, whose smooth and shining trunks and delicate foliage produce a truly tropical effect. The most delicious ferns peep from every hollow and crevice; the hedges are covered with roses, oleanders, bougainvilles, and a thousand other brilliant-hued flowers.

Frequently wealthy Americans yachting in the summer seas pay a flying visit to Bermuda, where they are sure of a warm welcome from the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club—a prosperous institution, with a membership of a hundred and twenty and a fine club house. Many

of the yachts are as trim and graceful in their lines as any to be seen at Cowes. Bermuda has always been celebrated for fast-sailing yachts and dinghies. During the season, regattas are organised in which their sailing qualities and the seamanship of their owners are fully developed. Very diversified are the attractions offered to the invalid and the tourist. Near the Hamilton is Victoria Park, with its Jubilee Pavilion and wealth of tropical plants, palms, cacti, &c. Military bands give weekly concerts here. During the season it is the rendezvous of a gay and fashionable throng of American visitors, officers, and wealthy

keep it together. When full it holds 37,000 tons of water. The powerful dock machinery lifts a ship of 10,000 tons—making, with the weight of the dock, 18,340 tons. Then there are the warships, the armouries, and the fitting-shops to be visited. The dockyard looks dingy, scorched, and somewhat antiquated. There are a few rusty torpedoes lying about, looking like so many gigantic land crabs. England's proud claim to be "mistress of the seas" is recalled by the presence of the old line-of-battle ship *Irresistible*, which was with Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. This hoary veteran is used as a lodging-



ST. GEORGE'S

residents, who meet to enjoy the pleasures of an open-air promenade concert. Here also is the beautiful Avenue of Cedars. Their thick foliage, meeting and mingling overhead, renders it a deliciously cool promenade and cycling track. Ireland Island is an extremely popular excursion, combining the pleasures of a yachting trip with a visit to a big arsenal. Once a day the *Moondyne* runs across from Hamilton. The principal object of interest is the floating dock. This enormous basin was built on the Thames, and towed to Bermuda by two men-of-war. It resembles a huge undecked ship with its extremities cut sharp off. It is 381ft. long, 123ft. broad, 75ft. deep, and weighs 8,340 tons. Three million rivets

place and mess-room for the dockyard labourers.

The military head-quarters are at Prospect Hill, a commanding eminence from which beautiful panoramic views are obtained. A portion of the troops occupy St. George's Barracks, whilst at Warwick there is also another camp. Towering above everything else on the islands stands Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, which is a hundred and thirty-three feet high, three hundred and sixty-two feet above the sea-level, and visible about thirty miles out to sea. Lloyd's Signal Station is close by, and is placed in direct communication with Hamilton Telegraph Office, whence shipping news is promptly cabled to London. Panoramic views of

the entire group are obtained from this much-frequented coign of vantage. Between Hamilton and St. George's is Flatt's Village, situated near Harrington Sound, a pretty inland lake having an extremely narrow outlet to the sea. Near here is the "Devil's Hole," a pellucid pool thirty feet deep, containing a marvellous collection of fish. Amongst other varieties are hamlets, groupers, snappers and angel fish. Angel fish in the Devil's Hole! This last species is peculiar in shape, and its colour is of a deep marine blue. Some of the fish are said to be a hundred years old. The voracity of the groupers is astonishing.

vicinity is one of the Walsingham caves. To reach this lovely grotto visitors clamber over and down an irregular pathway. Inside the grotto the limpidity of the water is truly marvellous, and when a light is struck the scene is like a glimpse of fairyland. In the Museum at Edinburgh is a splendid stalagmite cut from this cave by Admiral Milne--an act of vandalism which will, it is hoped, never again be perpetrated. It has been calculated that this stalagmite had grown by increasing about an inch every ten years, and that a period of six hundred thousand years must have been required to form it! The



THE DEVIL'S HOLE

They literally tear into shreds the small fish thrown in to them, making the pool boil in their frantic efforts to get their share of the prey. Some of the stronger ones keep their heads clear out of the water, their huge, ugly mouths wide open, ready to catch any stray morsel. There is a tradition about an unfortunate baby which, being dropped in by a careless nursemaid, came to a pitiful and untimely end. But this horrible legend has never been confirmed.

Not far from here is Walsingham House, where Thomas Moore dwelt during his stay in Bermuda. Here is the famous calabash tree under which he composed some of his poems. In the

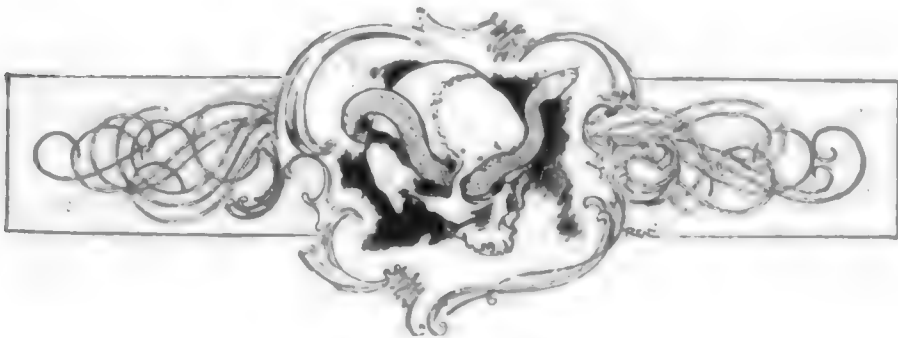
glory of Walsingham House has long since vanished, and an air of desolation pervades the place, now deserted save by spiders, ants, lizards and other insects.

St. George's was the capital of Bermuda until dethroned by Hamilton--thus creating a feud which is happily dying out. It is an antiquated old town, sun-scorched, forlorn, as if mourning its ancient grandeur. But its fortunes may revive when the channels leading to its fine land-locked harbour are deepened. Besides the barracks, there are forts at St. George's. But civilians are not allowed to visit fortifications here or elsewhere. They can, however, wander in the public gardens, through the cool

and flowery cemetery, and sit in the shade of the date palms that abound at various points. They can also admire the monument to that brave old sailor, Sir George Somers, after whom the town is named. There is another unfailing source of enjoyment—that of exploring the reefs at the North Rock. The Duke of York, during his cruise on the *Bacchante*, spent a full day there, and has recorded his delight with everything he saw. Visitors scan the ocean bed beneath the crystal waters with water-glasses—long boxes with a piece of plate glass at the lower end. These, dipped into the water, afford a capital view of the bottom. The reefs are broken into cells and grottoes of fantastic shape, each one decorated with tropical vegetation, seaweed of all colours and shapes, lilac-coloured wavy fans, lumps of coral with pearl oysters amongst them, flowers and leaves in a thousand surprising forms, sea urchins, starfish, and a hundred other curious objects. Owing to the limpidity of the water, the slightest movement of the fishes may be observed. Amongst many varieties of beautiful fish one sees the “yellowtail,” which is pale azure on the back, pearly white below, with broad bands of yellow along each side. Then there is the “spotted snapper,” which also carries three yellow bands, but his

body is white, his fins pink, whilst each flank is adorned with an oval patch of jet black. The presence of the visitors and the squadron, the bustle attending the shipment of the crops to New York, the increased number of passenger steamers, all lend an animation to the winter scene which is wanting in summer. The Americans stay until about April, when the advent of spring tempts them home again. The big hotels are then closed, and business becomes dull. The Bermudans, counting up the season's gains, project summer tours to cooler climes. The islands, having lost their gayest elements, relapse into comparative torpor until the following season.

It would not be surprising if this charming spot should attract many travellers in search of fresh fields of observation and pleasure—especially if some line of West Indian steamers should decide to call there. Indeed, direct communication by fast steamers between England and Bermuda is mentioned as one of the possibilities of the future—at least during the winter season. This would probably prove advantageous to many delicate persons to whom the English winter is injurious, and to some for whom the Bermudian climate might prove more beneficial than that of Madeira.



From Generation to Generation.

THE BERESFORD FAMILY.



MARSHAL BERESFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, AND LORD JOHN BERESFORD

SKETCHES FROM LORD WATERFORD'S SKETCH BOOK



THE RT. HON. AND MOST REV. MARCUS GERVAIS BERESFORD
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH



JOHN, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD — BROTHER OF JOHN



CHRISTINA, DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO



BLANCHE, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B.



LADY CHARLES BERESFORD
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CAMERON STUDIOS



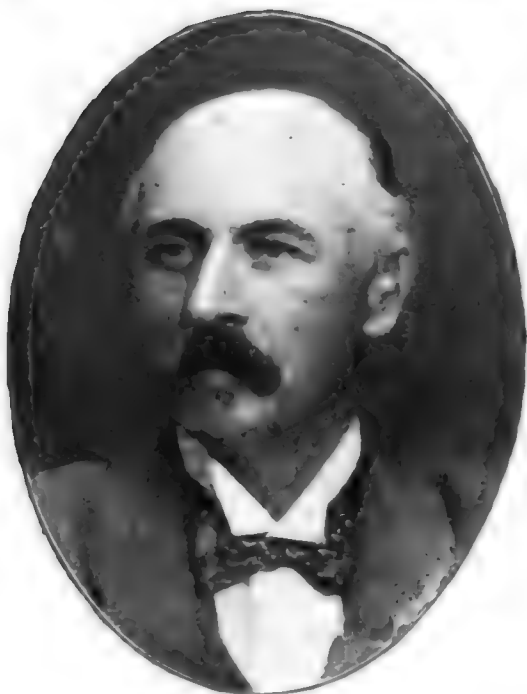
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND HIS CHILDREN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIGHT AND SONS



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.

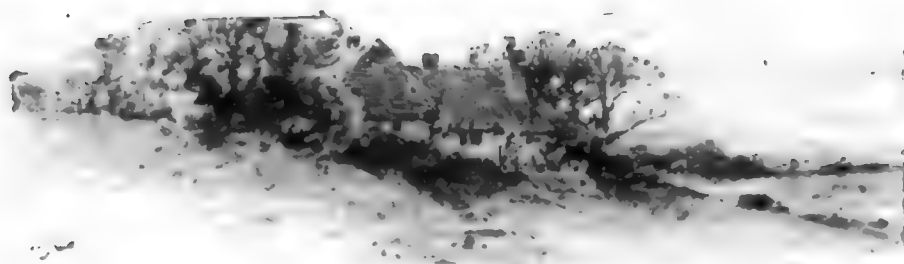
THE LUDGATE, ABERDEEN, 1850



LORD MARCUS BERESFORD



LORD DELAVAL BERESFORD





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

THOROGOOD'S WILL.

IN TWO PARTS: FIRST PART.



T rather surprises me," I said one evening to Smurthwaite, "that you have never yet told me the story of a stolen will. I thought that sort of thing was

always happening in the experience of you lawyers.

"It is well not to take the novelist as your guide concerning the facts of everyday life," rejoined the lawyer. "Still, I have heard of such a thing as the stealing of a will by someone who was not pleased by its contents. Let me see: did I ever tell you the story of Mr. Thorogood?"

"You never did," I said, "but you may as well do so now. May I venture to hope that it is a story with an end to it?"

"My dear fellow," said Smurthwaite, "I am like the man who tells fishing stories in the smoking-room after dinner: I 'tell you the thing as it happened.' All the same, I fancy this little history ends. Can you imagine me in the character of a . . . But—to use the language of the two-penny half-penny novelist you seem to want me to become—I anticipate. Fill your glass to the brim (for the story is not a brief

one) and I will attempt to satisfy you. Right? Then I will begin.

"When I was still a very young man I made the acquaintance of a prosperous City man, who lived, as City men will, in Balham, where he occupied a large and extremely comfortable house. He had married a woman of great charm. She was not altogether pretty, perhaps, but it never occurred to you to think of that fact: you merely knew that she was delightful. They had two daughters and the youngest child was a son, Reginald.

"Perhaps Mrs. Thorogood was too charming, and too much accustomed to being so, to deal with a high-spirited child in the wisest manner. Reggie was certainly highly-spirited, and had a good deal of strength of character, but strength undisciplined is the worst and most deadly kind of weakness, and the boy was terribly spoiled. His temper, even when he was only about ten years of age, was vile and uncontrollable: his sisters suffered much from his fits of passion, and he was no great comfort to his parents.

"About this time his father began to need comfort more than a little, for his wife died suddenly and under very painful circumstances, and he felt his solitude terribly. He went on with his

business, but it had lost all interest for him, and he was merely piling up money without getting any pleasure out of it. Another man might have devoted himself to his children, but Thorogood had been wrapped up in his wife, and it

duty to stay with her father, for her elder sister had married a man named Gordon, who belonged to a type with which we lawyers are only too familiar. He was a charming person, lived soberly and decently, was apparently full of energy,



"HE QUICKLY DISSIPATED THE MONEY"

would be difficult to conceive of a life more utterly without a purpose than his was when she was gone.

"Moreover, his children occasioned him a great deal of trouble. The younger daughter, Constance, was a charming girl and had many offers of marriage. She refused them all, deeming it her

and held an excellent situation. He had hardly been married a couple of years when the firm who had employed him failed and he had to come on Thorogood for means to support his wife and a family which from this time forward grew rapidly. After that neither his energy—which was gigantic—nor his personal

charm seemed to avail him anything. He lived on his wife's father, and his wife became a soured and disappointed woman.

"Meantime, the son, Reggie, had gone from bad to worse. He was sent to school after school, and regularly expelled from each for offences which even a fond parent could not dream of asking a master to pardon. At sixteen he was a fine, tall, open-faced boy. At twenty he was a precocious debauchee, and his whole bearing showed the fact. He was sent out to Australia about this time, but he quickly dissipated the money with which he had been supplied and returned to a home where his violence and his intemperance had made him a most unwelcome guest. The company he kept was of the worst, and already his father went in dread every day of hearing on the morrow that his son had had a part in some disgraceful crime.

"When he was about two-and-twenty a crisis was arrived at. Mr. Thorogood was suffering from extreme ill-health. The son was keeping the same bad company and continually troubled his father with demands for fresh supplies of money, behaving most violently if there were any signs of an imminent refusal to grant his requests. The father therefore took up a decided position, and said that he would allow the young man some two pounds a week on the condition he would never come near the house at Balham.

"This state of things continued until Reggie was somewhere about thirty. From what I have told you you will easily understand that he did not by any means abide by the agreement into which he had entered. He frequently arrived at his father's house, stormed on the doorstep until he had got admission, and then refused to quit the premises until he had been supplied with money. Often enough he was drunk when he reached the house. Indeed, he seems to have lived in a chronic state of intoxication.

"Even now the worst is not told. The young man was—to say the least—an associate and accomplice of thieves. More than one scandal was hushed up, and what with this and the trouble in which he had been involved by the marriage of his elder daughter, Mr. Thorogood's health was utterly broken. I used to dine with him pretty frequently,

and he would half weep over his port as he discoursed upon the misery of his life, in which the fidelity and tenderness of his daughter Constance was the only pleasant feature. Reggie had but one friend left in the household of his father: a very old woman, Mrs. Turbin, who had nursed his mother when she was a child, and was now kept as a pensioner by Mr. Thorogood. She had her quarters in the kitchen.

"Now, you will understand that, as a friend of the family, as well as legal adviser to Mr. Thorogood, I heard much of these domestic troubles. One cannot always pay prompt attention to the affairs of other people, and so, when I came into my chambers here one night and found a letter from Constance Thorogood, I admit that it did not strike me as being of immediate importance. Indeed, I did not see what I could do, for the letter only told me that what had happened many times in the past had happened once again: Reggie had come to the house in a drunken condition, had behaved in the violent fashion which was usual with him, and had not gone away without obtaining a fresh supply of money. In a final sentence Miss Thorogood told me that her father was confined to his bed, suffering from a bad bronchial attack.

"The next night I dropped in at the club, and, after dinner, found three men who really knew how whist should be played. They chanced to be, as I was, in the mood for a game, and so it was somewhat late when I got back to my chambers. On the table a telegram was awaiting me:

"Father very ill. Come at once.—Constance Thorogood."

"I knew without consulting my watch that I could not catch the last train. I therefore got into a cab as quickly as possible, and drove to Balham. I understood the importance of the matter now, for Thorogood was like only too many other men, and had always refused to make his will, saying, in reply to all suggestions: 'There is time enough yet.' I wondered whether there would be time enough after all, and I more than once urged the cabby to hasten.

"For this is how matters stood. Mr. Thorogood's estate mainly consisted of freeholds, the personalty being comparatively small. If he should die

intestate the whole of the freeholds would go to Reggie, the personality alone remaining to be divided equally among the three children. The injustice of such a thing would have been considerable, as it seemed to me, even if Reginald had been the best son in the world. Under existing circumstances, such an event would be both bitterly unjust and altogether contrary to the wishes and intentions—which had often been more or less definitely expressed to me—of the father.

"With these reflections I drove to Balham. The house I had so often visited was all lighted up, and I realised that matters were desperate. Constance opened the door to me.

"‘I am afraid that he is going,’ she said. ‘He wants you.’ Then she led me straight to her father’s room.

"He lay there under the care of a skilled nurse and one of the maid servants, who were keeping him alive with steaming kettles. At the moment of my entry he was hardly conscious, being in the midst of a terrible fit of coughing. I waited at the bedside, realising as I looked at him that he had not long to live, and when the fit had passed over he recognised me.

"‘I’m dying,’ he said. ‘I want you to make my will. Be quick.’

"I dashed downstairs to the dining-room and found a sheet of foolscap. Returning, I took his instructions for the will. It was a very simple document: he bequeathed all that he possessed to me, trusting that, as an old friend who had had opportunities of gathering his opinions and intentions, I would use it as he would have done had he had time to consider the question. It struck me at the time that he was putting off a good deal of responsibility upon me, but I little guessed how great it was to be.

"The will was quickly written, and when it had been completed the nurse, with the air of one who has done a thing

more than once before, and the maid-servant, clumsily and with much guidance, witnessed it. As soon as this business had been settled the old man was seized with a fresh attack of coughing, and suffered terribly. He needed



"I THEREFORE GOT INTO A CAB AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE."

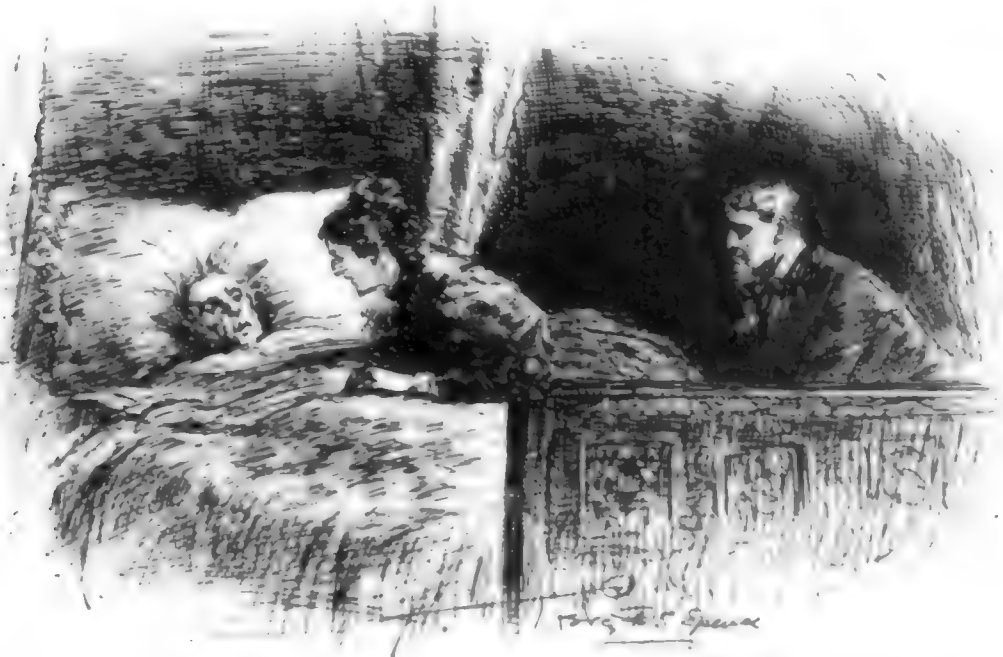
all the care of his daughter and the two attendants, and, feeling that I was a little out of place, I left the room.

"I went down to the dining-room where he had so often confided to me the miseries of the life which was to come before the morning. After all, I could not help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction, which was not wholly professional. Every death is sad in some degree, and perhaps the death of the

man whose life has not been very sweet to him is saddest of all, because of the consciousness one has of the opportunities of joy and happiness which he has failed to receive, or failed to use to their best advantage.

"But, in this case, there was at least one reason for rejoicing. Old Thorogood had played a dangerous game, matching his own poor prescience against the cunning of Death, who loves to come at the unexpected moment. If he had been worsted, other deserving people would have suffered, and one whose deserts were little would have profited. But he had had time to repair his long

was ebbing rapidly away, and he was apparently unconscious of us. We stood by the bedside watching and waiting, and gradually he sank nearer and nearer to death. At last Constance gave a cry, and bent over him. A moment later John Thorogood was dead. I looked at my watch, and congratulated myself again: even now it was only about three o'clock, and it had been considerably after midnight when I found that telegram awaiting me at my chambers. You know that I am not easily satisfied when there is really good whist going. It had been a near shave, but Thorogood had made his will, and I would see to it that



"AT LAST CONSTANCE GAVE A CRY, AND BENT OVER HIM"

error, and those others were not to pay the penalty of his folly.

"I took the completed will from my pocket and read it through again, my satisfaction that it existed now outweighing my sense of the unpleasant responsibility it entailed. Then I sat down, folded the foolscap, and chose a pen. 'THE WILL OF——' I had endorsed, when Miss Thorogood entered the room, in a state of the utmost agitation.

"'Will you come upstairs at once?' she said. 'I am afraid that the end has come at last. He has had another terrible attack.'

"I followed her without another word, and upon entering her father's room I saw that her anticipations were only too well founded. The old man's strength

his wishes were carried out. I had had more than enough trouble with Reggie at one time and another, and I was not ill-pleased to feel that I had got the whip-hand of him at last.

"There was no need for hurry now, and I knew that before I could leave the house I must have a conference with the dead man's daughter, to take her instructions and give her advice as to her proceedings in the immediate future. So I waited while she closed her father's eyes, and then withdrew, asking her to come to me in the dining-room as soon as possible, inasmuch as some conversation was absolutely necessary. I promised to keep her no longer than was essential, said a few words in praise of the father she had lost, and went down to the dining-room.



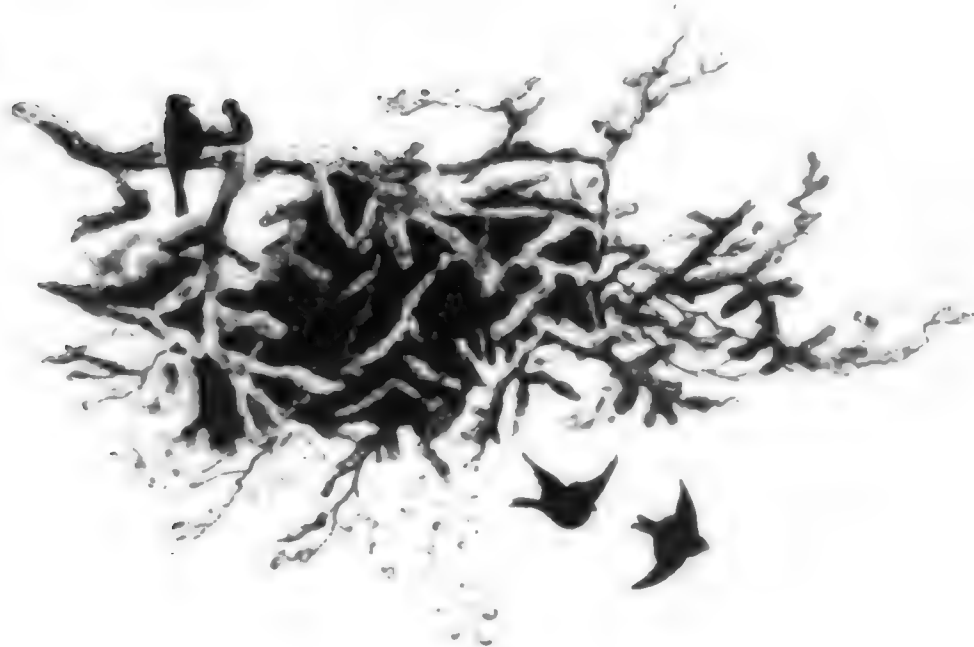
"IT WAS GONE"

"Somehow the memory of the old man lying dead in his room upstairs was very much with me as I descended. The house seemed very big and very empty. There was no sound at all, save for a subdued and distant sound of voices which came from the servants' quarters. I supposed that the maids were telling old Mrs. Turbin of the death of her master, and, passing on, entered the big, dark dining-room.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I ought not to have left a document of such enormous importance as the will

lying there for anyone to see. Still, the house had no one in it who was not somehow occupied with the master's illness. I saw, too, as I stepped across the room, that everything was as I had left it.

"There was but one exception. Only some half-a-dozen papers lay upon the writing-desk, and these I examined separately. The floor was clean swept, and nothing lay upon it. Search where I would I could find no trace of the will which had lain there only a few minutes before. It was gone."





ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH THOMSON AND CHARLES ROBINSON



WE have the sad misfortune to live in an age of disregarded anniversaries: we are all so greatly occupied that we have rarely the time to make holiday as our fathers did. Imagine, if you can, what would have been their surprise had some dreamer told them that in the coming ages English lads and lasses would have to have their days of leisure imposed upon them by Act of Parliament: to be driven forth from shops and offices on stated days to make holiday regardless of the weather; and that they never would allow the mere beauty of the world to serve as an excuse for impromptu excursions into the fields. May-day observances are over: at most the occasion serves as an excuse to children for begging in the city streets without the fear of being arrested.

All this is very sad. We hold the opinion that if only we could go back to the leisurely old world of our fathers we too could become Arcadians, and

frolic as they did, for sheer joy in life. It may be we are right, but, on the other hand, the scientific text-books with which we are so lamentably well-acquainted—and, for the matter of that, the novels with which we beguile our weary leisure—have taught us that a faculty which is long unused has a way of becoming atrophied for want of exercise. We should be as much out place, probably, in a world where anniversaries were regarded as was that learned gentleman who was once induced to go down to the river at Oxford, and who returned to his studies inexpressibly puzzled by the ability of the young men whom he had been watching to row backwards.

In proof of this, take the undeniable fact that St. Valentine's Day is a day of usages almost wholly neglected. "In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and the fourteenth of February is the day when Spring begins. It is then (as is laid down in the incontestable records of Chaucer and Shakespeare) that the little birds of the wild wood choose their mates for the ensuing summer. Obviously, then, the day is one for right poetical love-making betwixt man and



WRITING THE VALENTINE



READING THE VALENTINE



ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

maid: as seems to be hinted at in the verses which follow:

*Hark, the tinkle and the clatter
Of the stream that's thawed at last;
Hark, the twitter and the chatter
Of the birds now winter's past!*

*Now the winter is gone over,
And the moorland stream's in spate,
Each becomes an ardent lover,
Chooses now another mate.*

*Only one (I dream) is grieving
In the woods along the hill,
Though the honeysuckle's leafing,
Flowering now the daffodil.*

*He might choose, as do his brothers,
Still a new love every spring;
And forget with her the others
That the earlier years did bring.*

*He hath chos'n (poor bird!) for ever
His eternal Valentine;
Still, each Spring, she answers Never!
Still his suit she doth decline.*

So far as one understands the antique system it was in some sort of way an anticipation—a pretty, poetical anticipation—of the “leasehold” method: which Mr. Grant Allen advocates in his screams from a hill-top. There were two who attracted one another, and or



A LATTER DAY VALENTINE
Drawn by Charles Robinson

this day made "without prejudice" a confession of the fact. This confession was not binding upon either, and the contract terminated of its own accord at the end of a year. But it was renewable at the option of the parties concerned, and

well about five-and-twenty years ago. They are as dead as the white linen stockings our mothers wore when they were young, and the few samples that may still be seen in the windows of provincial booksellers and fancy-goods

the man who had been thus lightly attached to a lady for a whole twelve-month must have felt that he was doing a very serious thing indeed if he made up his mind to ask her to be his Valentine again at the expiry of the period. It certainly would be taken to be not less serious than a declaration in any Court of Love.

We have changed all that. We do not go back to the beginning live in a world which is nothing more nor less than a dainty idyll illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson. We are, perhaps, a little less grossly inartistic than our immediate predecessors: we do not send, if we be men, to expect and rejoice to receive, if we be women, the tender productions in white satin, ground glass, and pictures off the outsides of the crackers of forgotten Christmases, which used to sell so

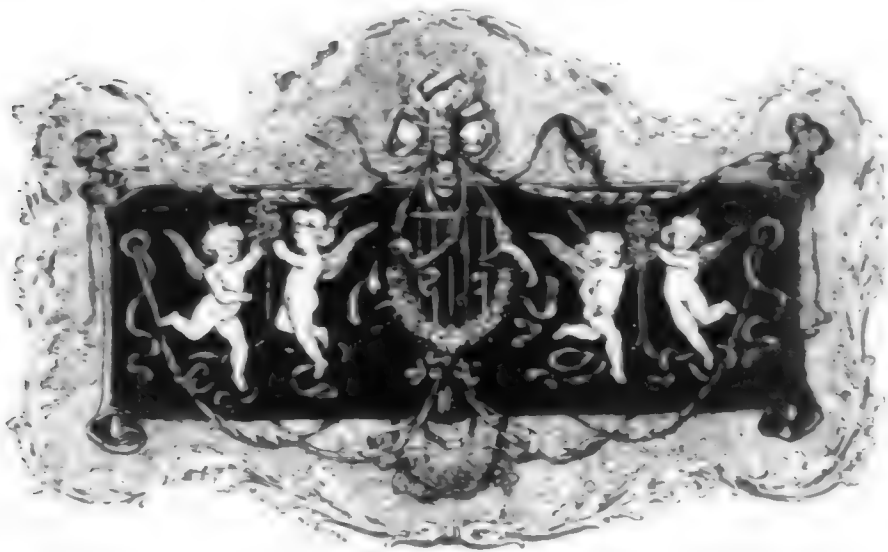
dealers are but the sad exceptions that prove the rule.

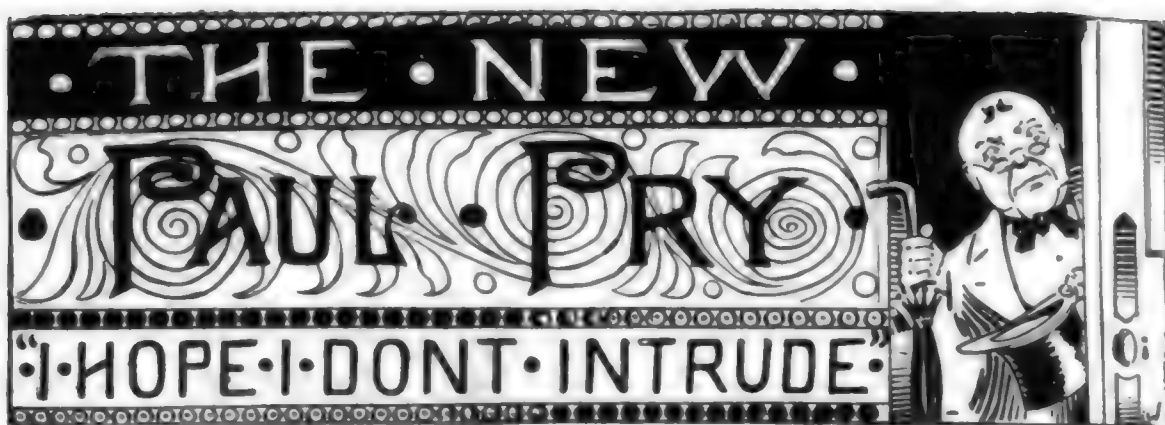
We have no use for such things as these, inasmuch as our epoch is utilitarian and has no need for what is symbolical and nothing more. St. Valentine's Day may occur to the modern youth as a proper occasion for a present to the lady he adores, but he has at least the sense to make the present useful, and perhaps he is assisted in the choice of a suitable object by some chance remark which has dropped from her as to the size she takes in gloves, her preference in perfumes, her ideas as to what a fan ought to be. However much he may yearn to get away from hard fact, and be gracefully symbolical, you cannot imagine him choosing a gift less vulgarly useful than a box of sweets from Fuller's, with an adaptation of the dear old tag:—

*The rose is red, the violet's blue;
Honey is sweet, and so are you;
And I so am I who send you this;
And when we meet we'll have a kiss.*

The outspokenness of the last two lines is hardly suited to the indirect and subtle methods of the latter day lover, but it is nothing to the brutal frankness of the other version of the tag, designed for the adornment of those abominations known to the trade as "comic" valentines. They mostly depict pot-boys, drunken policemen, drunken women, to describe whom there is really no other word than the objectionable one "slavey," and fast young clerks who ape on insufficient incomes the man about town. They need not be further referred to.

But they are one more sign of the degradation of the valentine. One of our pictures seems to show the whole of the youth of a town making holiday on this day, and literally mobbing the post-man on his approach. The modern maid would wonder what strange fantasy had overtaken her lover if he sent her a valentine of the old kind, with cupids, and pierced hearts, and lovers' knots. For her delight the design by Mr. Charles Robinson, which adorns these pages is excellently well-adapted.





AN EX-PUBLISHER OF VALENTINES.

FEBRUARY suggests valentines; and valentines suggest investigation. For St. Valentine seems to have fallen upon evil days, and there are none in this year of gracelessness so sentimental as to do him reverence. Indeed, I had quite forgotten him until my grocer sent me with the New Year a combined price-list and almanack. And looking down the lengthening days I saw that February 14 was the Feast of St. Valentine. Whereupon I recalled that once—when my coats were shorter and my future was longer—I bought and sent a valentine. It was in a cardboard box, it cost a shilling, and it was embowered in a sort of frill which you could pull out. Then you saw at the end of a vista—Love. I sent it—I don't remember to whom I sent it. But when I saw my grocer's almanack it struck me that I hadn't seen a valentine for many, many years. Why? The question was enough to set Paul Pry agog.

I jumped into the first 'bus that passed, alighted at the Bank, plunged into Coleman Street, rushed into the office of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co., and sat down.

"Now—about valentines," I said.

Mr. Tuck looked up from his desk.

"Practically speaking, there are no such things," he said. "For the last five years we haven't put a single valentine on the market, though some years ago we were issuing thousands upon thousands annually. But what do you want to know about them?"

"All there is to be known," I replied.

"Well," said Mr. Tuck, "for my own part I believe that the original valentine was of the ugly and insulting variety. For the first thing that I can remember

about them is being taken to see an old fellow—at Newcastle-on-Tyne—who had four printing-presses in a loft over some stables. These presses were going all the year round, printing off reams and reams of valentines—hideous men holding squalling babies, touzle-haired slatterns and so on: you can still see them in the smaller stationers' windows. The old fellow paid no attention to design—he held that anything would do so long as it was highly coloured and spiced with doggerel. But he did an enormous business all over the North of England. He may be doing it still for all I know."

"Then did your firm invent the sentimental variety?"

"Not exactly. When we took up this branch of business, something over thirty years ago, there was a simple kind of valentine in use which young people sent one another—just a card with a bunch of violets or forget-me-nots painted in the corner, and a tender sentiment in verse. Well, we decided to raise the whole thing to a higher level. We got all manner of new designs from artists——"

"What kind of artists?" I asked.

"Oh, some very well-known artists were designers of valentines," replied Mr. Tuck. "For instance, W. F. Yeames—the R.A., you know—and lots of other first-rate men. But somehow they never managed to hit the popular taste quite so well as the lesser men, whom we kept pretty regularly employed."

"And who wrote the verses—'The rose is red, the violet blue,' and so forth? Did you keep poets on the premises?"

"Oh, there was never any difficulty about getting verses. All kinds of people sent them in, some of them quite well-known writers. Clifton Bingham wrote

us a lot. We have whole volumes of valentine verses standing over that we can use up for Christmas cards. Some of the poetry we considered so good that we collected it and republished it under the title 'Love-knots and Bridal Bands.'"

"When do you think that the popu-

priced at one and two guineas; and now and then a very ardent lover would order a special design for himself, and that, of course, cost more."

"And what is the reason of the collapse of the valentine? It didn't come suddenly, I suppose?"

"That," said Mr. Tuck, "is rather a



MR. ADOLPH TUCK

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

larity of the valentine reached its highest point?"

"About twenty-five years ago. At that time the business had reached enormous proportions. By the end of January every stationer's shop in the country was crammed with valentines of all shapes and sizes and prices, and a large proportion of them were made by our firm. We sent out many that were

difficult question. The manufacturer can never be quite sure whether he is leading or following the taste of the public. Personally I think that in this case it was the supply which influenced the demand. It came about like this. Twenty years ago or thereabouts we got a hint from the public—only just a hint—that they had more valentines than they wanted. Now a business man must

act at once upon a hint of that kind, or he finds himself left in the lurch. So we began shifting our attention from the valentine to the Christmas-card and gradually pushing the latter before the public. You know how the Christmas card caught on about twenty years ago, and how popular it has been ever since. Now, it stands to reason that when people have been buying cards in

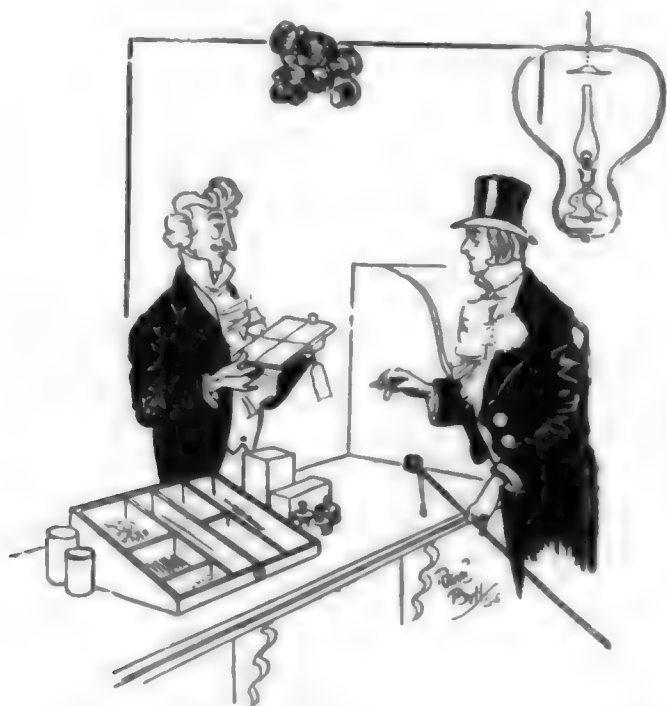
output five years ago, as I told you. We still get out a few designs for our New York house, for there is a certain sale for them on the other side. But to prove to you how utterly beyond hope of resurrection we consider the valentine I may tell you that we have not shown a single design in England."

"That's rather sad, isn't it?" I said. "It was a pretty custom—brought the young people together, you know."

"I don't think it makes much difference," said Mr. Tuck. "No doubt young men find some means of declaring the state of their affections. Possibly they send presents. Any way, I have not noticed any decline in the marriage rate."

A SELLER OF VALENTINES.

Then, having found and spoken with the man who made valentines and killed them, I looked round for someone who had helped to distribute them. And my memory, slipping backward, alighted presently upon the very man who had sold me that shillingsworth of frilled sentimentality to which I have already alluded. He used to keep a shop in a small country town. On the left, as you went in, was a counter containing packets of note-



"HE USED TO KEEP A SHOP IN A SMALL COUNTRY TOWN"

December they won't want to buy a lot more six weeks later. They are tired of them. Besides, the shopman is tired of them. No sooner has he cleared his window of Christmas cards than he would have to begin filling it with valentines. His enthusiasm for that sort of thing has evaporated. I myself, when I have got all my Christmas card designs ready, should have no heart to start again on valentines. Yes," continued Mr. Tuck, "I think it is pretty certain that the Christmas card killed the valentine; and as we practically invented the Christmas card, why——"

"You are responsible for the collapse of the valentine?"

"Precisely. Only as I said, the public gave us the hint."

"Then you consider the valentine really dead?"

"Absolutely—at least so far as this country is concerned. We stopped the

paper, pencils, sticks of sealing-wax, and such-like commodities. On the right was the Post-office. The shop is there no longer; the Post-office has swallowed it up, and expanded itself to a handsome building, and the man who kept them then keeps them now no longer, but spends an old age of reflection in a detached villa. To him, as he sat with his pipe and his paper before the fire, I entered.

"You remember something about valentines, don't you?" I asked.

"Ah!" said the old man, "they *were* a nuisance—worse than Christmas cards, by a long way."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they make the Christmas cards a sensible shape; they will go into an ordinary envelope, and you can stamp them and deal with them like ordinary letters. But those valentines!—there was no doing anything with them. Card-

board boxes of all shapes and sizes littered all over the office for two days. You couldn't stamp them without smashing them, or make them up into a handy bundle; the postman couldn't carry more than forty or fifty at a time, and had to keep coming back again for a fresh lot when he had only just started on his round. Oh, they were a plague!"

"And you used to sell them too, didn't you?"

"Yes, and that made it worse. Because valentines were such awkward things to sell. People didn't like to be seen buying them by any one they knew—especially the girls—and everybody knows everybody else in a town like this. You see, if a young man had come into the Post-office and seen a girl buying a valentine and then received that very valentine himself, he would know who sent it. And that would never do. Girls and boys used to run into my shop as soon as the shutters were down in the morning or just at closing time, and if anyone else came in sight I would have to put them behind the counter where they couldn't be seen. You see, it all made work."

"You were glad when the 14th was over then?"

"I was. But it wasn't over when it *was* over—in a way. Because you know it was the rule to send a valentine without any clue to the sender's name. Now every girl in the town knew that I had a pretty good idea as to who had sent her valentines, for they were nearly all bought at my shop, and if they weren't, the young men had to hand them to me over the post office counter, because they were generally too big to go into the slit. So, of course, I saw the address, though they always *did* hand them in upside down.

So when the 14th was over the young people used to come in—accidentally like—with their valentines to find out from me who sent them."

"And you told them?"

"That depended. Of course, I couldn't tell them who *sent* them. That was Government business, and a secret. But I might tell them who *bought* them. That was my own private business. And if I thought they were nice young

people, and they were really fond of one another, and their parents would approve, and all that—why perhaps I would give them a hint. And I've seen things come of it, too."

The old man knocked his pipe out, reflectively.

"Then really you acted once a year as a sort of beneficent matrimonial agent. Did you find that anything took the place of valentines when they died out? Did young men begin sending presents to young women?"

"I don't think so. But perhaps the Christmas card was a sort of substitute. When I sold Christmas cards I generally had a few in stock with sentimental words—besides the religious ones. But they never really took the place of this valentine. Yes—I *was* glad when valentines went out of fashion. However, it doesn't matter to me now."

And the old man filled up his pipe again.

A RECIPIENT OF VALENTINES.

I have just been to the Post-office of



"I HAVE JUST BEEN TO THE POST-OFFICE OF MY SUBURB"

my suburb to express the above investigations. The young person behind the counter was engaged in tracking Bouverie Street through various maps and books of reference in order to find out what I had to pay.

"That's all about valentines in that envelope," I said, for I find silence oppressive.

"'Bout what?" she said abstractedly,

running an inky forefinger down a column of streets.

"Valentines."

"Oh—nasty things! That'll be one and three."

"Did you ever receive one?"

"Oh—us girls often get them: they say we're stuck up, and keep people waiting. Such nonsense! Last year the other young lady got one a yard long—with poytry—'No doubt you think you're rather smart' it began, and went

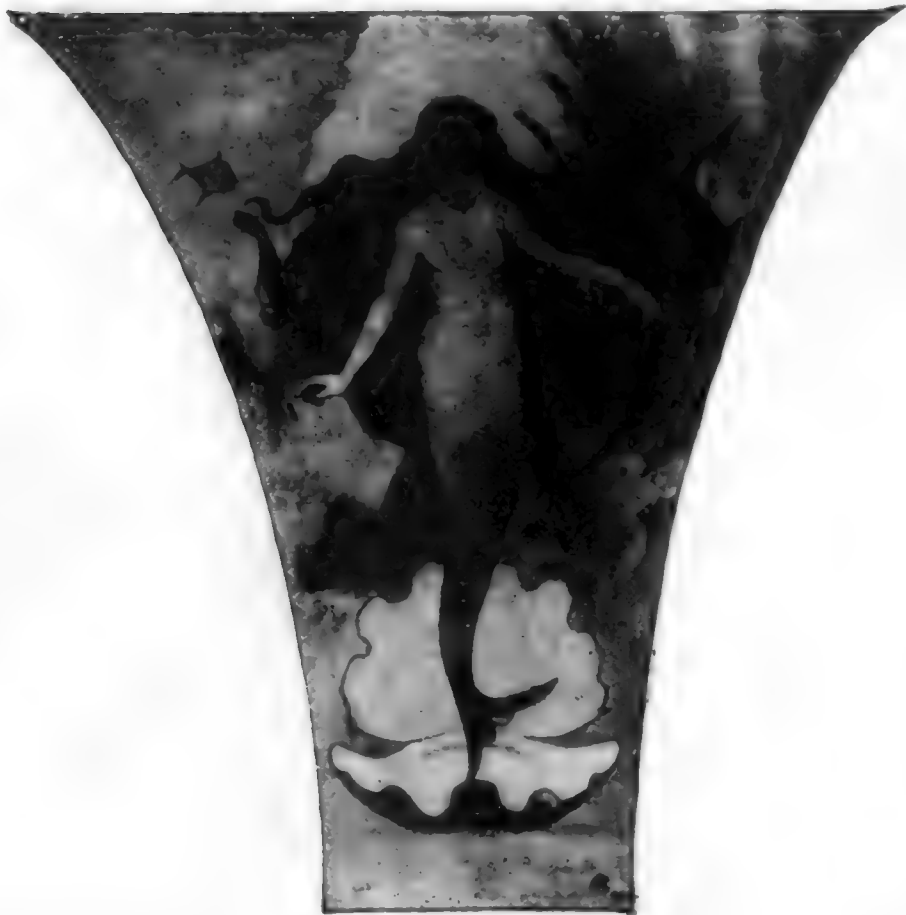
on—oh horrid! If them that sent it knew what they're thought about why—well, they'd know something."

"Then you don't like valentines?"

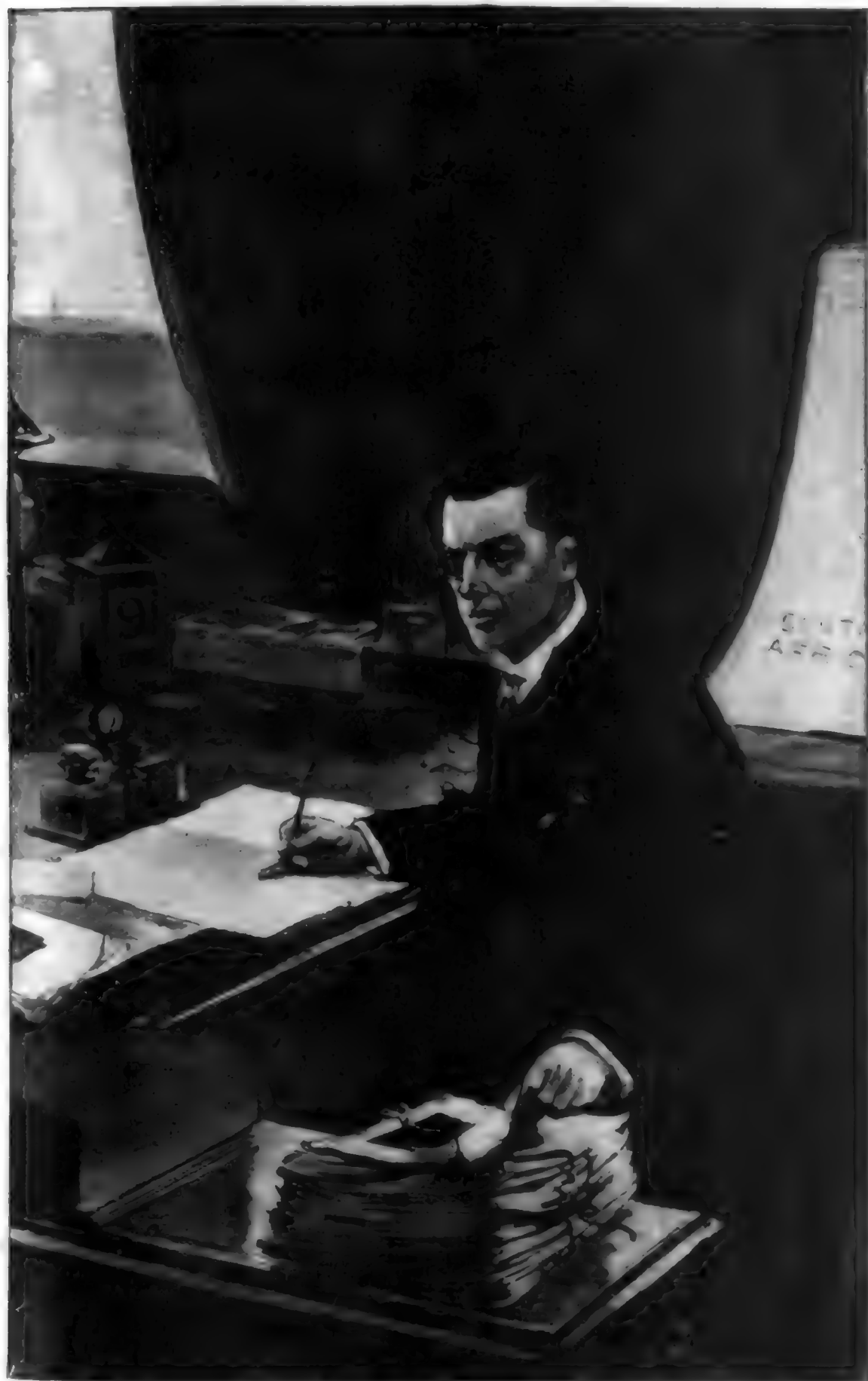
She slapped the express label on to my packet.

"Like 'em! I call them—*hinsulks*. There's no other word.—Messenger!"

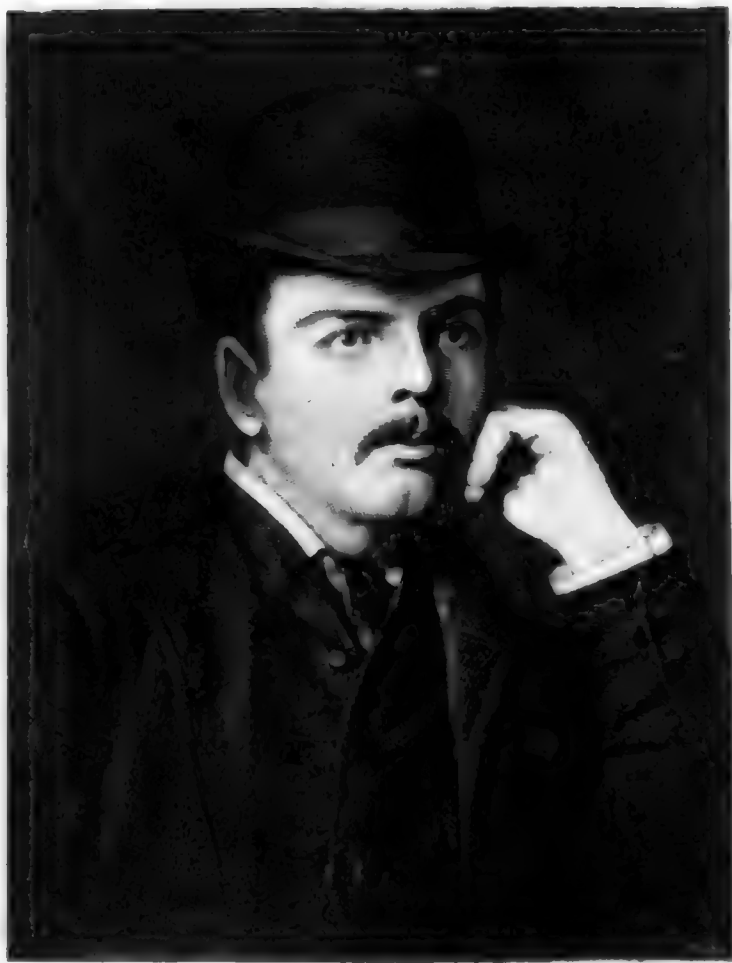
That closed the interview. But I had learned that the valentine is not absolutely dead. Rather it has reverted to an original type.



Pictorial History of the Month.



THE MAN OF THE HOUR
MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS ROOM AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE
DRAWN BY J. FINNEMORE



DR. JAMESON

From his latest portrait, reproduced by permission of "The African Review"



SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY: ON DR. JAMESON'S STAFF
From a photograph by Dickinson and Foster



COLONEL RHODES: ARRESTED BY THE BOERS
From a photograph by Robinson, Dublin

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



DR. JAMESON'S LAST STAND

Drawn by W. Frank Calhoun

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



THE HON. CECIL RHODES
From a photograph by Russell and Sons



MR. CECIL RHODES'S NEW HOUSE
THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



GENERAL JOUBERT
WHO COMMANDED THE BOER TROOPS

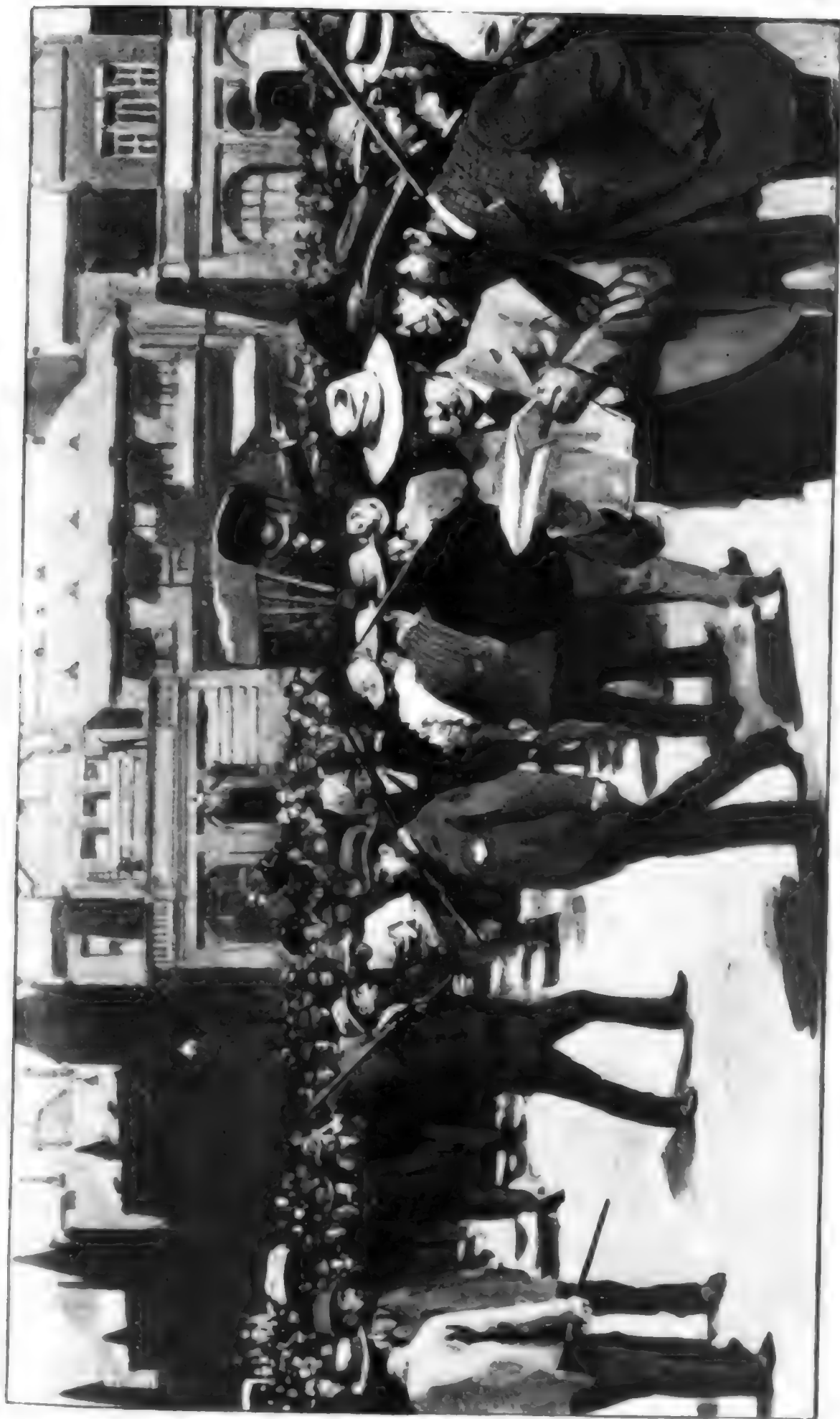


DR. LEYDS
THE TRANSVAAL STATE SECRETARY



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT KRUGER
Photographed at the door of his house
THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER





THE TRAVELLING DISASTER
TO THE LUDGATE
IN THE STREET OF LONDON



SIR HERCULES ROBINSON
THE HIGH COMMISSIONER
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry



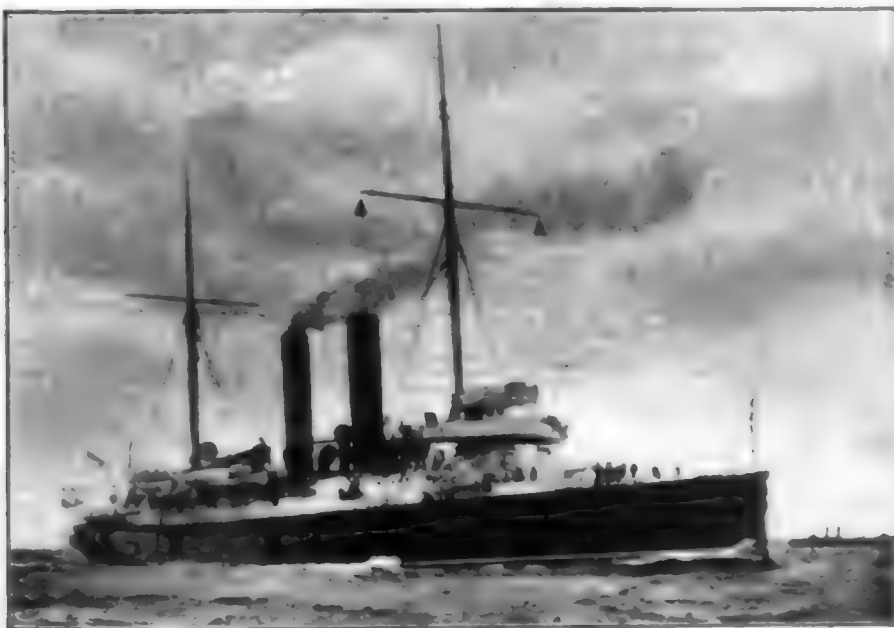
SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG
THE NEW PREMIER
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry



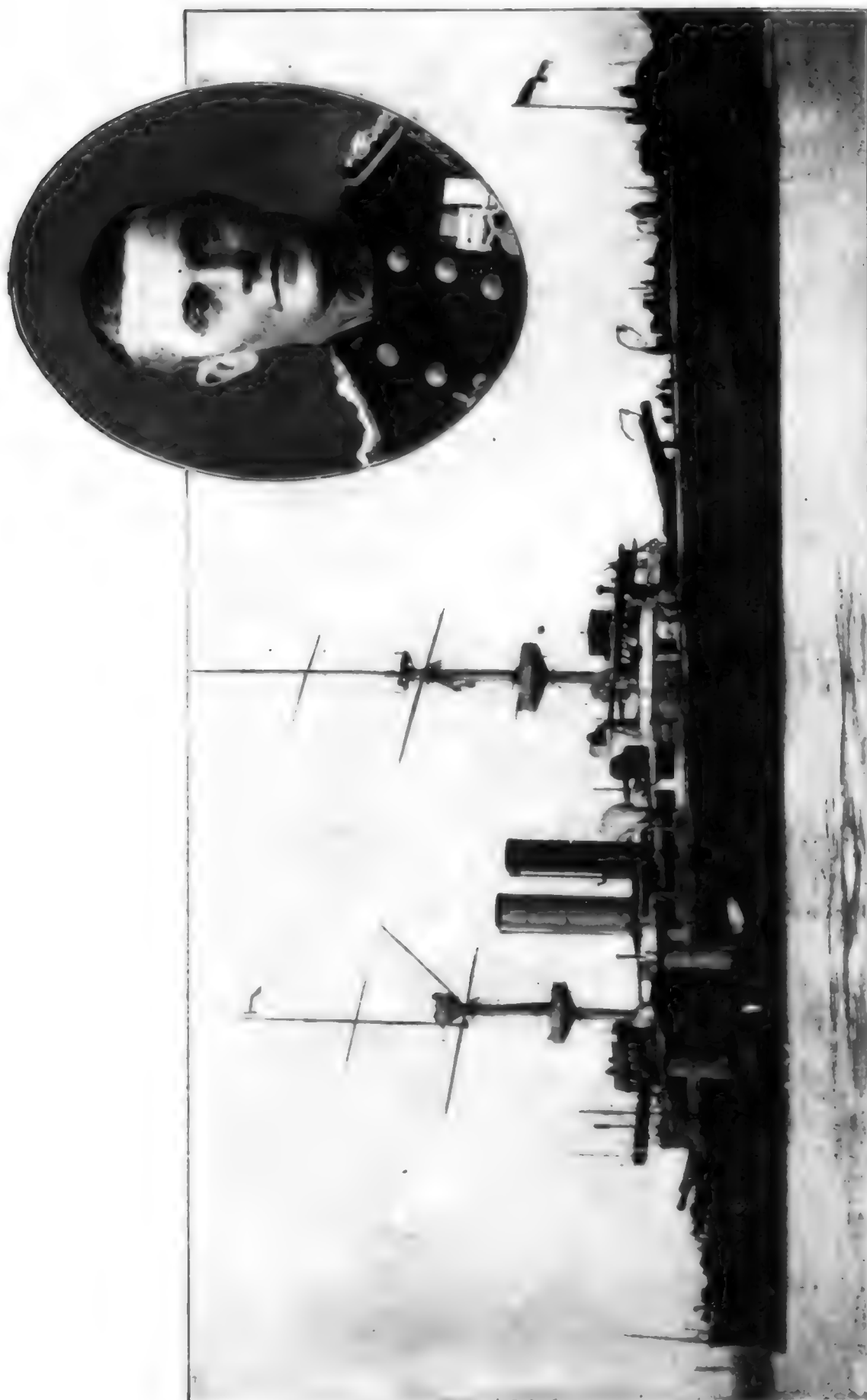
CAPTAIN THE HON. C. J. COVENTRY: WOUNDED AT KRUGERSDORP
From a photograph lent by Mr. C. Norman Springthorpe
THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



MR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
SELTEN, MINT OF "BLACK AND WHITE" FOR THE L. S. MINT
From a photograph by Van der Weyde



H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE"
FLAGSHIP OF THE BRITISH FLEET AVAILABLE AT THE CAPE
THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



REAR-ADMIRAL DAINE
 COMMANDER OF THE CLASSE "CAIRON"
 (Photo of Port by Deane, London, England)

H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK", FIRST CLASS BATTLESHIP
 (Photo of Port by Deane, London, England)
 THE BRITISH FLYING SQUADRON



CHIEF JUSTICE ALVEY



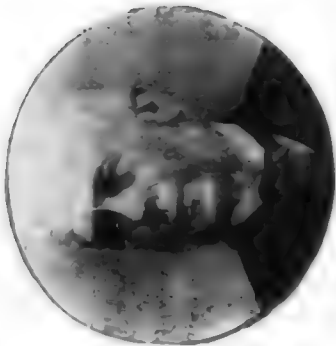
MR. D. C. GILMAN
THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION



MR. A. D. WHITE
THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION



JUSTICE BREWER
THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION



MR. F. K. CONDIT
THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION





LANDING SOLDIERS AT CAPE COAST



CARRYING OFFICERS ASHORE

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

From photographs supplied by "Black and White's" Special Correspondent



CAPT. DONALD STEWART
PROSPECTIVE BRITISH RESIDENT AT COOMASSIE



ALLOTING CARRIERS BURDENS
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN
From photographs supplied by "Black and White's" Special Correspondent

THE LUDGATE



THE LATE M. MAX LEBAUDY



MDLLE. MARSY
THE LATEST FRENCH SCANDAL



"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

DRAWN BY J. BARNARD DAVIS



MR. WILSON BARRETT IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS" AT THE LYRIC
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY



AUNT TABITHA and I made a little pilgrimage recently to the Carlyles' home, No. 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea: it was No. 5, in the summer of 1834, when they entered into possession of the dwelling whence death alone permanently removed them. The atmosphere as we crossed the threshold impressed upon us the fact that not in number alone had the house changed; and we lingered not on the dining-room floor. It recalled all-too strongly the tastes of a later tenant, to be agreeable to the olfactory sense. As we ascended the apparently interminable flights of steep stairs, rendered picturesque by their quaint old balustrades, I marvelled how Mrs. Carlyle could have managed a house of that great size and inconvenient height with but one servant. Think of it, modern housekeeper, five floors, and the only water supply a pump in the basement kitchen! That, too, in the dark ages when the merciful gas fire was unknown.

At last we reached the noise-proof chamber, right under the sky, built by the sage to shut out the "London Babel." It is an interesting piece of construction, with its double walls and queer secret exits. But the glass cases filled with relics were obtrusively suggestive of the museum, and

defrauded us of the intimate personal feeling that even an empty study might have afforded. Descending, therefore, we entered a bedroom which, to my gratification, was fully furnished. "Now!" I exclaimed, "we



can really feel that they lived here." It contained a sewing machine, and, presuming it to be a primitive one, I mentally pictured Mrs. Carlyle thriftily using it. The patch-work quilt on the bed seemed, to my mind's eye, to grow under her clever fingers. Then the books in the little hanging book-case! How human it made Mr. Carlyle appear to think his boyish heart had once rejoiced in that well-thumbed *Sandford and Merton*, or to imagine what noble resolutions might have inspired his youth, as, on some wet Scottish Sabbath, he plunged headlong into *No Cross, No Crown. The Royal Reader, No. 4* brought visions of his school days at Ecclefechan. And what could more clearly bespeak the relaxations of his declining years than that fascinating romance, *Like and Unlike*, by the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. At this stage Aunt Tabitha, whose well-balanced mind is never influenced by mere supposition, directed my attention to a card affixed to the door. It curtly stated: "This room is at present occupied by the caretaker."

Well! Sadly crestfallen, I went down more stairs, but my interest was freshened by the sight of Mrs. Carlyle's "own red bed;" and by the discovery in the kitchen of some of the identical willow-pattern plates whereoff her husband was wont to eat his "quarter of a boiled fowl."

Reading and hearing of Jane Welsh Carlyle merely as she became when the worst of health, and the unceasing irritation of a dyspeptic husband had shattered her originally vivacious temperament, you get the idea that she was a disagreeable, unhappy woman. Yet she had many attractive qualities when young. She was a born coquette, and this may be deemed a good point, in that it induces a woman to strive to render herself beloved. Her witty personality and ready welcome, drew to the Chelsea home many guests, who would never have gone there had Thomas Carlyle lived alone. She had also an exceeding pretty taste in dress, an excellent thing in woman. Dear, sincere Harriet Martineau had an intense respect for Carlyle, whose "wild, abrupt speech and ferocity," she leniently ascribed, of all causes, to shyness! but she really loved his wife. In her *Autobiography*, Miss Martineau refers in glowing terms to Mrs. Carlyle's dress on

two occasions when she visited her; and it is curious to note that throughout her book she mentions the wear of no other person.

On the first visit, paid in September, 1837, she writes: "Walked to Chelsea to dine with the Carlyles. Found her looking pretty in a high, black velvet dress, with a blond collar." Then she adds a touch of effeminacy which comes oddly from a thinker so deep: "She and I had a nice feminine gossip for two hours before dinner, about divers domestic doings of literary people, which really seems almost to justify the scandal with which literary life is assailed." It needs no astute mind to fit this cap upon the heads of the poor Leigh Hunts, who were living next door, struggling to bring up a giant family upon a dwarf income. A few months later Miss Martineau records another visit, when "Mrs. Carlyle looked like a lady abbess: black velvet, cap with lappets, white scarf and rosary," exclaiming, with a little burst of genuine enthusiasm, "Very elegant creature." It is pleasant to find Mrs. Carlyle, who was inclined to be carping in criticising her friends, writing thus kindly of Miss Martineau: "She is distinctly good-looking: warm-hearted even to a tinge of romance, and *very fond of ME.*"

It endears Mrs. Carlyle to you to know, that, while she loved pretty things, her mind was not above contriving and planning; and, that when still a poor man's wife, she gloried in petty economies, and could triumph in a successful "made-over" garment. While residing at Craigenputtock, in the autumn of 1833, she wrote to her confidential friend regarding "a pellerine of old lavender popelin, which you must have seen officiating, not on me, but on several members of our family, something like twenty years ago. The gowns of that period being ineligible to make more than a sleeve of the present, I realised out of it at the beginning of summer a singularly elegant bonnet; and the residue is now combining itself into a pellerine, which, lined with wadding and part of the old (villainously bad) crimson Persian (lining) of my old cloak, will in the gracefulest manner protect my shoulders through the approaching inclemencies of the season." And some time after she deplores a violent attack of neuralgia, brought on, as she naively confesses, by travelling all the way from

the Solway to London, by steamboat, in "a straw bonnet that cost two shillings!"

Carlyle, writing of Burns somewhere about sixty-eight years ago, declared that his "work is broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfil it must often be accepted for the fulfilment; much more is this the case in regard to his life, the sum and result of all his endeavours, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay was mistaken, and altogether marred." It is well, I think, to recall these sagacious words now the initial volume of the "Centenary Burns" has appeared. The four volumes, which are like to fix the definitive form of the poet's works, are edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson—no better collaboration for the purpose can be imagined—printed by Messrs. T. and A. Constable and published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack. It has been decided to issue the volumes in two forms, constituting a library and a popular edition. Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., whose fame as an etcher is world-wide, has done some two dozen plates for the latter set; and through the kindness of Messrs. Jack I am able to reproduce a couple of these illustrations.

I chanced this morning on an old volume of *FUN—FUN* in the sixties, when

Tom Hood was editor, and Gilbert was contributing the "Bab Ballads," which contained in embryo the germ of so many of his later successes—and was amused to find therein an illustration



entitled "The Rotten Row of the Coming Period," that depicted the Row filled with men, women, and children perched upon the insecure-looking velocipede of that day, to the entire exclusion of the horse. The ladies, by way of compromise, wear habits and riding-hats, sit on side-saddles, and carry whips. By-the-way, it would be interesting to trace the degeneration of the high-sounding "velocipede" into the flippant "bike."

Congratulate me! I have actually achieved a new idea, and one I deem

distinctly valuable. Know, then, that my social relations have long been a burden to me, by reason of my intellect refusing to master the intricacies of the "At Home" days of my friends. Had I had naught else to think of, I might have constituted it my life-work, and, by devoting my entire energies thereto, might have succeeded in satisfactorily accomplishing it. But my time is filled with many engrossing interests and pleasant duties; consequently, I am constantly becoming aware that, without wilful intent, I have neglected Mrs. Somebody's "second Tuesday," or Mrs. Anybody's "first and fourth Thursdays," or Mrs. Nobody's "last Fridays."

Now, the brilliant notion is this: While there is nothing to remind you that a certain day is the "third Saturday" or the "fourth Monday," you have the day of the month ever in your memory. Suppose a woman intimated that she purposed receiving on the fifth of each month, or the fourteenth, or the twenty-third, her friends could scarce fail to remember. Each letter they dated, every journal they scanned, would conspire to bring the fact to their memory, and she would no longer have folks excusing long absences on the plea that

they did not recollect it was her "third Friday" till it had passed. I think I deserve gratitude for revealing a way to make plain one of the hard things of this world.

Personally, I am inclined to revile those inhospitable folks who are "At Home" but one afternoon a month. Why, it really means this intimation to their circle of acquaintances: "If you wish to call, there are twelve days in the year on which I am willing to receive you." Fewer than twelve, indeed, if you deduct absences from town, and August and September, when few calls are paid. All honour to the kindly dames who devote one day a week to the service of their friends. But my plan would work an improvement for them also. By remaining indoors always on, say, Wednesdays, they deny themselves the privilege of visiting friends who receive on that day. Could they not arrange to be "at home" on the ninth, the nineteenth, and the twenty-ninth? These, or any similar combination of dates, are easily remembered, and would be less binding than giving up a special weekday all the year round.

MURIEL BABBINGTON BRIGHT.



Fashions of the Month.



EARLY SPRING GOWN

THIS early spring gown consists of a sleeveless coat and skirt of serge, &c., with chiné silk blouse. The coat is edged with black satin ribbon, buttons, and cords on lapels. There is a drapery of lace from the neck.

•• Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowdler Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



EVENING GOWN

THIS high evening gown has sleeves and skirt of chiné silk ; the coat is entirely composed of sequins ; the bodice is of chiffon.

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Directors: The Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D., Dr. FARQUHARSON, M.P., and Others.



NEW COAT

THIS drawing represents a new sac-backed coat, hanging in pleats from a shaped yoke, adorned with four buttons, and finished at the neck with a collar of sable.

The London Glove Company's

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"LEBON."—12-Button Length, Superior Quality Kid. In Black, White, Tans, Biscuit, and all Light Shades, **4/6** per pair.

SUEDE GLOVES.—"CINDERELLA" QUALITY.

8-Button Length Mousquetaire, **2/6**; 12-Button Length, ditto, **2/11**; 16-Button Length, **3/6**; 20-Button Length, **3/11** per pair. In Black, Tans, Biscuit, Beavers, and all Light Shades.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire, Black Suede with White Points and White with Black Points, **3/4** per pair; 16-Button Length, ditto, **4/3** per pair.

HOSIERY.—Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black, Tan, Shoe Bronze, and all Light Shades, **1/8** per pair.

Ladies' Black Lisle Thread Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, and Coloured Embroidery, **1/11**, **2/5**, and **2/11** per pair.

Ladies' Spun Silk Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black and every Colour, **2/10** per pair.

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BLACK SATIN GOWN

OUR artist in this drawing shows a gown of black satin, with a bodice of white lace set over pink chiffon, the lace fastened across with diamond buttons and small gold chains, while the décolletage shows an accordion-pleated frill of the pink chiffon surmounted by a frill of cherry hue.

BRONCHITIS. BRONCHITIS. BRONCHITIS.

This distressingly painful malady can be immediately relieved, and the complaint greatly alleviated, by the use of **HALL'S COCA WINE**.

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DURING the Influenza Epidemic last year the medical profession generally prescribed **HALL'S COCA WINE**. The unexpected and increased demand we were unable to meet, and we were obliged to publicly apologise for non-delivery of orders. We are now in a position to meet any demand that can arise. Unfortunately the demand, which we were unable to meet, induced a number of individuals to offer the public, under the name of Coca Wine, unpalatable and utterly useless preparations, which have disappointed and disgusted those who have been misled. With a view to removing the bad impression created, we are sending to all who are desirous of testing the beneficial qualities of **HALL'S COCA WINE**, free tasting samples; we only ask that you will send us a post-card and judge for yourselves. It is absolutely proved by the Medical Press and Profession that—

Hall's Coca Wine is indispensable to over-worked and worn-out men and women;

Hall's Coca Wine relieves mental and physical fatigue;

Hall's Coca Wine removes depression;

Hall's Coca Wine cures neuralgia, sleeplessness, and anaemia;

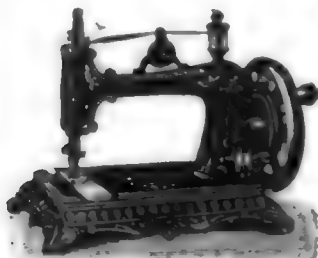
Hall's Coca Wine is the most marvellous restorative after illness ever used; and what is still more important, it has none of the fearful after-effects which follow the use of narcotics and other powerful remedies which *relieve for a period*, but which inevitably have to be paid for by the reaction which follows.

We have endeavoured to protect the public by adopting the trade mark of a keystone in red, with the signature of the firm, S. S. & Co., across the label, and we beg that purchasers will reject any that do not bear this distinctive mark.

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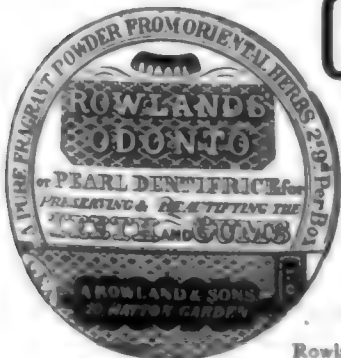
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Whitens the Teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath. It polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like Whiteness.

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Rowlands' Odonto, 2/6 per box. Avoid Cheap Odontos, which ruin the Enamel.



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It is not a Spirit Varnish, & will not injure the Leather.

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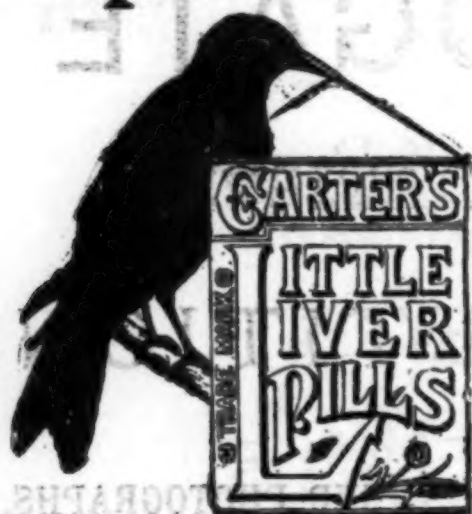
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Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 25th of February ; and the prize-winners will be announced in the April Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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SMALL PILL.

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SOZODONT
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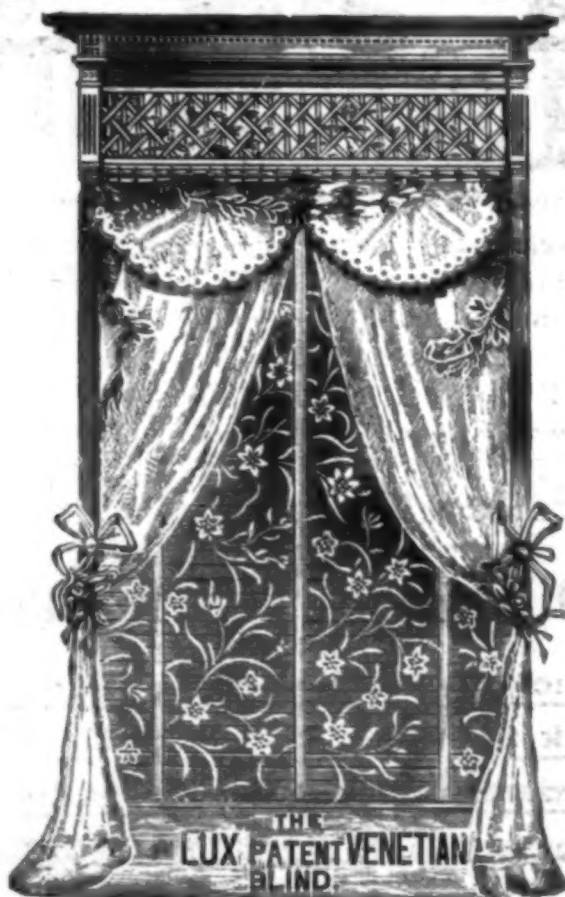
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